

# AMERICAN MUSEUM

OF

## LITERATURE AND THE ARTS.

---

VOL. II.

MAY, 1839.

No. 5.

---

### THE INFLUENCE OF THE USE OF MACHINERY, ON THE CIVILIZATION, COMFORT, AND MORALITY OF MANKIND.

BY REV. G. W. BURNAP.

IN considering the influence which the use of machinery has had upon the civilization, the comfort and the morality of mankind, we shall take a brief view of those means by which man, originally the weakest and most ill-provided of animals, partly by the superiority of his physical organization, but chiefly by the divine gift of reason, has raised himself from ignorance, nakedness, and destitution, to the noble being we now find him, of science, art, refinement, of laws and government, of comfort and abundance, of cities and trade, of intellectual discipline, and literary culture.

It has been made a question, whether the supremacy of the human being, were owing most to superior physical organization, or to his higher intellectual capacity. It has been said, but we think with more quaintness than truth, that the stupendous architecture of Egypt, and the exquisite statuary of Greece, were merely monuments of the human thumb; that the grasp of the human hand, has been the principal means of placing that long interval which now exists, between the achievements of man and the other tribes, with which he shares the occupancy of the globe. It would not be difficult, I think, to show the fallacy of this supposition, and to demonstrate, that it is to the noble gift of reason, the fact that he is created in the image of God's own intellectual being, which gives him dominion over the beasts of the earth, the fowls of heaven, and the fishes of the sea. The whole tribe of the apes, resembles man very nearly in physical organization, particularly in the power of grasping, and

wielding at will, whatever it holds. But in the absence of that spark of celestial fire, which alone gives dignity to the human form, the resemblance to man only makes the ape more odious and contemptible. Notwithstanding then, the possession of that exquisite instrument—the hand, without the reasoning head to guide it, man would have been as stationary and helpless as the apes, and would have been able to inhabit those climates alone, where the fruits spring spontaneous and winter is unknown.

It is only then, by the reasoning soul, the inspiration of the Almighty, which giveth man understanding, and enables him to perceive and apply the mechanical powers of nature, that the wonderful organ, the hand, can be made of any material advantage. It is only by having the power to discover and appropriate the mechanical agents, or in other words, to invent and to make machines, and to compel them to labor in his service, that man has been able to surround himself with all that now blesses and adorns his earthly lot.

The different stages of the progress of man, not only in divine but human knowledge, are clearly laid down in the sacred scriptures, which are in this respect, as philosophical and true to the natural order of things in social progress, as they are sublime in the theology they teach. The first man must have been dependent on the spontaneous fruits of the earth. Previous to that knowledge which is the slow acquirement of time and experience, man, as our first parents are represented to have done, could only pluck and eat. The next generation took the second step. They tilled the earth, and kept flocks and herds, on whose milk or whose flesh they might feed, and with whose skins they might clothe themselves. But all this could not be done without machinery, without instruments. These were at hand in wood, and in stone, and in the sinews of animals. Hence the invention of the spade and the knife. With pasturage, followed hunting; and hence the first weapons of offence, the spear and arrow. The next age of mankind was marked by the discovery of iron, and the process of reducing the ore into metal, and the metal into tools, at once the most wonderful achievement of a rude age, and the one great and omnipotent instrument of the advancement of mankind. Iron is reason's right hand; the use of it is the hand-maid of art, the mother of civilization; and if God ever anticipated the natural operations of the human intellect, we must believe it was in giving to man the idea of extracting that most precious metal, from those most unsightly and unpromising masses of rocks, in which it is confined. It was the most important discovery that was

ever made—for the simple reason, that it has been the great instrument of the developement of the mechanical powers of nature. It is the indispensable instrument in the construction, and the most important constituent element, of all those machines, by which man's power of nature is increased, and and his numerous wants supplied. Without it, mankind never would have advanced far beyond the condition in which the aborigines of this country were found, on the discovery of this continent. A rude hut, a little patch of corn or esculent roots, and the produce of fishing and the chase, and some manufactured clothing of the coarsest kind, would have been the limit of their acquirements. There would have been no written laws, no history, no science, none of that exuberance of outward or intellectual good, which so strongly contrasts the present inhabitants of this continent with their savage predecessors.

The taming, and use of the domestic animals, for draught and burden, must have been another important era in the progress of mankind. But without machinery, their aid would have been next to useless. The plough and the harrow, drawn by the ox or the horse, must have created a mightier revolution on this earth, than any thing since discovered. Farming, before that period, must have been conducted on a a very small scale. By this invention, the productive powers of the earth and of the labor of man, must have been quadrupled at least. The little garden extended itself to acres, and where there was but one human being, there might now be four or five, infinitely better provided than the thinner population had been before. But three human beings were thrown out of employment, to use the superficial argument of the enemies of machinery. They would not have starved however, had they continued out of employment, for the fourth man, assisted by the machinery of the plough and the harrow, would produce as much as they all. There was no danger of their remaining unemployed as long as there were human wants to supply, and they had hands and invention to supply them. There was the rude hut to transform into a more comfortable dwelling; the heap of leaves or straw to be converted into a warmer and more seemly place of repose; the garments to be made of a finer texture, and a more comely model. Thus these two simple machines, the plough and the harrow, worked by the strength of the domestic animals, not only entirely revolutionized agriculture, but put a new face on the whole condition of society, and raised man at once to a state of comfort, that had never before entered into his imagination.



Next to agriculture, came the means of transportation. The fruits of the earth must not only be raised, but brought home. Conceive of the labor and loss of time to bring home each sheaf by itself, by human hands, and even by beasts of burden. The next thing to carrying, is traction. But many things would be wasted and destroyed by that process. Something must be placed beneath them to prevent the injury. Still the surface of the ground was rough and difficult to pass over. A smooth bridge must be made to remedy its roughness, and level its inequalities. That bridge was found in the common wheel—an invention now never thought of as wonderful, but in fact, one of the most complete and perfect and useful for its purpose, that has sprung from the ingenuity of man. It is in fact, an interminable, portable bridge, with a highly polished surface, which the vehicle pulls up after it, and sets down before it as it goes, making the whole process of locomotion a most ready and extemporaneous affair. It is laid down and taken up with the greatest ease through wet and dry, over hill and dale, over the stones and through the mud; and what is most wonderful of all, it in fact, shortens the distance, so far as friction is concerned, in precise proportion of the circumference of the wheel to the circumference of the axle-tree. Tongue cannot tell, imagination cannot conceive, the benefits which this simple machine has conferred upon mankind. For its perpetual and universal use, it may be said to rank next to the plough, and as the vehicle of trade and travel, that effective stimulant of all improvement, it has played a most conspicuous part in the progress of mankind. Its inventor was one of the greatest benefactors of his race; and though his memory be lost in the night of ages,—and no one can tell where his ashes are laid,—how much better does he deserve to live in the recollections of the world, than Cæsar or Napoleon, who trampled nations in the dust.

“But man,” says Burke, “is an animal that cooks his victuals.” He has not only to raise the productions of the earth, but to prepare them for food. The farina or flour of the different species of grain, has always been the principal food of man, and we have sacred authority for calling bread “the staff of life.” The shepherds of Canaan must have perished had it not been for the corn of Egypt. But the human being is not furnished with teeth to convert the different species of grain immediately into food. Some intermediate preparation must take place. And here again, was a fitting purpose for the introduction of machinery. The grain must be bruised and reduced to a powder before it is fit for the use of man. Hence the process of pounding in a mortar,



or perhaps what was nearly as early, that of crushing and pulverizing the grain between two stones, which gradually improved into the hand-mill—the only method known perhaps for thousands of years. By this wearisome process, the labor of preparing bread was almost equal to that of producing it. A mill, and in large families several, were a necessary appendage to every domestic establishment. Allusions are made to this in the Bible, as early as the time of Moses. It was the work allotted to a part of the female servants, and constituted the lowest kind of servitude. "The first born of Egypt shall die, from the first born of Pharaoh that sitteth on the throne, to the first born of the maid-servant that is by the mill." When imposed on men it was the lowest indignity. It was threatened by Isaiah to the Babylonians, when for their sins, they should be led into captivity. Sampson was made to grind in the prison-house of the Philistines. When there were many at work together, they accompanied their toil with their voices. Hence that image of desolation in Ecclesiastes, in that most exquisite description of old age, "when the sound of the grinding is low." Alluding to the unceasing nature of this operation, our Saviour says of the approaching destruction of Jerusalem, "two women shall be grinding at the mill." It is curious to see precisely the same domestic arrangement alluded to by Homer, the oldest profane author six or eight hundred years before Christ. He makes Ulysses, after his secret return to his family, listen by night to the soliloquy of one of the women, who were grinding in a building near to where he slept. The laboriousness and great expense of this operation, are shown by the number of persons he represents to be so employed. Twelve women it takes to grind meal for the household of Ulysses, who is represented as a nobleman of only moderate possessions.

"Beneath a pile, that close the dome adjoined,  
Twelve female slaves the gift of Ceres grind;  
Tasked for the royal board to bolt the bran  
From the pure flour, the growth and strength of man."

Conceive then, of the immense amount of human labor which was set free by the substitution of a natural agent, the power of gravitation in the fall of water, for the strength of human muscles. Nature's laborers work unpaid, or what amounts to the same thing, they consume nothing as they toil. All that they produce then, is so much absolute gain. The achievement of pressing them into the service of mankind, is equal to the creation of so many men as they

supersede, with this economical superiority of the new species, that it costs nothing to feed, clothe, and lodge them, they lose no time in taking rest, they never grow old, nor can they wear out. All that is necessary is, to turn the stream a little out of its ancient channel, where it was accustomed in mere idleness to murmur for its own amusement. How many human beings, think you, it would require in the primitive way, to supply the flour, which is annually brought to this market, and how much more must every barrel cost, and how inferior would the product be? It could hardly be accomplished by the whole population of Maryland.

But then, the opponent of machinery would exclaim,—“what a number of people it must have thrown out of employment!” We answer, that, paradoxical as it may appear, all the great strides which the human race has made in physical advancement, have been attended with this same result, of throwing large masses out of employment. The plough turned multitudes of men adrift, and so did the water-mill as many women. At first sight, to be sure, it was lamentable, but there was just as much meal produced as before, and no suffering on that account. They could not remain idle, for their mothers, fathers and brothers, would not let them. It merely had the effect then, to turn a larger force to the spindle, the loom and the needle, and all the extra cloth and garments they produced, was so much gain to the world. It was so much added to the comfort, the civilization, the decency, and we may suppose, the morality of mankind. Thus the effects of the substitution by means of machinery, of natural agents in the place of human labor in one department of production is felt in every other, creates a greater abundance, improves the quality of the product, and thus spreads its benign influence over the whole surface of human life.

The mention of the loom leads me to speak of it as one of the most important inventions. Its introduction was an era in the history of the human race. The process of spinning was more obvious, and chiefly important as subsidiary to it. The invention of the loom is attributed to the Egyptians. It is certainly of very high antiquity, as cloth is found upon the mummies dug from the catacombs of Egypt, of the utmost delicacy of texture, which was deposited perhaps, long before the date of the most ancient historical record of our race. Allusion is made to the process of weaving in one of the oldest books extant (the Book of Job,) “My days,” says he, “are swifter than a weaver’s shuttle.” Before this invention, there could have been little of what is now called

comfort in the world. For Burke might have added to his definition of man, that he is an animal which makes his own clothes, not having been furnished by nature like the other animals, with that most necessary defence against the rudeness of the elements. Here was a case, in which of all others, machinery was most indispensable. Food, to a considerable degree, grows spontaneously, but no soil has been ever found which produces clothes. The earth indeed, furnishes the materials in great abundance, flax, cotton, and bark, and sheep and worms supply wool and silk. But they were next to useless, till they were manufactured. Nor could bare human fingers alone manufacture them to any great extent. The spindle and the loom were the means of answering that cardinal inquiry of man in every age of the world, "Wherewithal shall we be clothed."

The spindle and the loom have in all ages been consigned to female hands, and as long ago as the days of Solomon, industry and skill in this employment were the chief characteristics of an estimable woman. "She seeketh wool, and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands. She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands take hold on the distaff. She maketh fine linen and selleth it, and delivereth girdles unto the merchant. She is not afraid of the snow for her household, for her household is clothed with scarlet."

The art of manufacturing cloth was probably nearly stationary for 3000 years. The very name of the most exquisite product of the loom, shows that it arrived at its greatest perfection in one of the most ancient cities of the world. Damask, that most beautiful fabric, so much the delight and wonder of our childish eyes, betrays in its very name, its origin in that city which was the birth-place of Abraham's steward. No important improvement took place in the process of making cloth, till within a little more than a half century, when the invention of the spinning jenny, and soon after the power loom or, in other words, the new combination of the spindle and the loom with other machines, the steam-engine and the water-wheel, has commenced another era in the civilization and physical comfort of the human race. By this wonderful combination, results have already been achieved, which outstrip the dreams even of the poets and enthusiasts of the olden time. By it, in half a century, the productive power of England has been increased ten-fold. It has made her the richest country on earth; and, while she is scarcely larger than one of the largest states of our union, she has made the world her tributary. Money flows in upon her from every quarter of the globe, for the simple



reason, that one of her inhabitants by the aid of machinery, can produce as much as four, in the other parts of the earth, on an average. In her immense trade therefore, she always has the advantage. She has more to sell, in precise proportion to the amount of labor done by natural agents, above the same number of people in any part of the world, who work merely with their own hands. Similar effects are beginning to develope themselves in our own country. The town of Lowell, in Massachusetts, with 6000 operatives, now manufactures as much cloth as the whole population of New England, before the establishment of factories. So that the waters of the Merrimack, after having for ages uselessly tumbled down a precipice, may now be said to clothe a million of people. The result is, that people can no longer afford to manufacture their own cloth. The women are again thrown out of employment. What they will now betake themselves to, it is not so easy to see. One resource is left them in the needle, and as no machinery has ever been invented to supersede the human fingers in the use of that instrument, they may still find employment in making up the new millions of yards, which machinery is constantly pouring out upon the world. What labor remains after use is satisfied, may perhaps, be laid out on the ornamental; and at any rate, we may be sure that in our day, no needle will ever be idle, while those, who toil not nor spin, are willing to give a hundred dollars for an embroidered pocket handkerchief!

But it would have been next to in vain, that the productive power of man were increased to any degree, had there arisen no such operation as trade. When the farmer had produced all he could consume, he had no motive to raise any more; the weaver, when he had clothed himself and his family, would let his loom stand still. It was only by exchange of productions that each was stimulated to push his profession to the utmost. Hence the rise of commerce. But this, like agriculture and manufactures, must have its machines. Without them, nothing could be accomplished. We have already spoken of one, the wheel, the eldest and most important. This, however, could accomplish but half the work. Three-fifths of the surface of our earth are covered with water; and when commerce had arrived at the sea-shore with her treasures, her progress was stopped. How was she to reach across to the treasures which beckoned to her from the other side? Long must the ocean have put a bound to the wanderings of man, and barred from his enterprise the fruits and products of other lands. Little did he think however, that its blue and vast expanse was one day to become the highway of

nations, and the rolling flood which separated continents, the very means of bringing them into intimacy with each other.

“Or oak, or brass, with triple fold  
Around that daring mortal’s bosom rolled,  
Who first to the wild ocean’s rage  
Launched the frail bark, and heard the winds engage.”

This great step in the advancement of mankind was taken too by the aid of machinery. For what is a ship but a vast machine, or rather combination of machines, for the purpose of transportation on the seas? Would you feel the grandeur of the triumphs, which the force of mind has achieved by the instrumentality of the mechanic powers over the wild and stormy elements, the ease with which the most gigantic obstacles have been overcome, which interpose in the way of human enterprise, go any day to the vessels which lie at our wharves. It is only habit which prevents us from daily being struck with wonder and awe, at the construction and achievements of a ship. A few months ago perhaps, she was lying in another hemisphere at the opposite side of the earth, her keel towards us, and her masts pointing to another sky. Strange people were about her, of another aspect and another speech. Stars were shining over her which we have never seen. Now she is here, laden with products as foreign as if they had dropped from the moon, and written over with characters as mysterious as the hieroglyphics of Egypt. But can it be that she is the creation, and subjected to the will, of those puny beings, who walk her decks and dot her rigging? See how they fill her with the products of our soil. With a slender rope, fastened by a simple machine to her masts, they are seen to cause such bodies to mount up her sides as by their fall would crush them to atoms. And now loaded with the products of our peculiar soil, her sails are spread, and another of nature’s unpaid laborers, the wind, whose fiery steeds the mariner has yoked into the car of commerce, bears her bounding over the waves. Fearless she launches into the boundless sea. Night and day she pursues her way over the trackless deep, her mighty bulk, through the power of the simplest machinery, made obedient to the tiny being who sits at her helm. Storm and darkness overtake her, yet she loses not her way. The Genius of machinery guides her still. There is a mysterious power of nature which man has pressed into his service, the magnet, that like a talisman, watches over his safety. Another machine of a more complicated form, has kept account of every hour and moment that

has elapsed since he left the shore. And what is still more wonderful, another instrument, once but wood and flint-stone and ashes, has only to be directed to the starry heavens, and pointed towards a planet millions of miles distant, to tell him by the revolutions of its satellites, which the naked eye of man has never seen, the exact point he has reached of that shoreless expanse, where bounds and landmarks are unknown.

Who shall attempt to enumerate or describe the benefits which this mightiest of machines, the ship, has conferred upon mankind? It may safely be said to have been the cause of existence to millions of the human race. Passing over the fact, that it was by means of it that this continent became known to the civilized nations of the earth, and it was by the means of the intercourse, which it produced, that a new race has sprung up here, already beginning to rival the kingdoms of the old world, what addition has it made to the comfort and resources of every nation under heaven! It brings the delicious fruit of the tropics to the door of the frozen inhabitants of the polar regions, and carries ice in return, to cool the lips of the fainting dwellers under the burning line. It communicates the productions of every soil, to every other where they will grow, and surrounds all, who are willing to labor for them, with the luxuries of the whole earth.

Above all, it is commerce that stimulates production, and excites by rewarding to the utmost that labor, which is the purchase money of all earthly good. Savage man is cursed not so much by ignorance as by indolence. He is not so much straitened by the little power he has, as he is discouraged and paralyzed by the fact that he can accomplish no more. There is no way to rouse him to action so effectual as to show him the products of another's industry, which he can procure by redoubling his own. But barter must always involve transportation, and transportation, if expensive, may entirely consume the product, and thus destroy every motive to produce. Every improvement, then, in the machinery of transportation adds new value to the productions of the soil and of labor, and stimulates anew the enterprise and the ingenuity of man. The ship is the most perfect of all machines for transportation, and I have heard a merchant, engaged in the Baltic trade, observe, before the late improvements in land carriage, that he could bring a ton of iron from St. Petersburg cheaper than he could transport it into the interior of Massachusetts. In this light, therefore, we may consider the canals and railroads, which are absorb-



ing so much of the attention of the world, as improved machines for transportation, made to supersede and supplant man's ancient friend, the simple wagon-wheel. It is true, like all other improvements, they throw thousands of horses and men out of employment, but it is only to find one much more profitable. The surplus wheat, which before was consumed in coming to market, so as at home to be worth next to nothing, now profitably employs all the labor that can be expended in producing it.

But the mightiest agent that man has ever enlisted in aid of his labors remained to be discovered, almost in our own time, in the expansive power of steam. I am aware that this subject has been so often introduced, that to many it has become tiresome, and to some tedious. Tiresome it may, but exhausted it cannot be. It is a new and unknown force introduced into the labors of man of which we have seen the beginning, but no mortal eye can see the end. We have just begun to feel the ripple of its first circling wave, and we know that it revolutionizes every thing as it goes. What will it do when it shall have rolled on till it has reached the utmost circumference of human affairs! A year has not elapsed since it propelled the first ship across the Atlantic. The shouts of congratulation have hardly died away since the old and the new world shook hands across the mighty ocean which rolls between them. We have seen the elements engaged in a new contention, which shall most effectually minister to the wants and the pleasures of man. The winds, his winged messengers, are themselves outstripped by a fiercer spirit than they, and fire threatens to take the place of those swift and viewless couriers in the intercourse of the world. By this invention unknown power and wealth are discovered in the bowels of the earth. The mines of Mexico and Peru are found to be worthless when compared with the beds of coal which underlie vast tracts both of the old and the new world. It has been well said, that the steam-engines of England fought the battles of Europe against the crushing despotism of Napoleon, and turned the scale against him in that great contest, which he waged for the dominion of the world. It has been calculated that the work done by machinery in Great Britain, of which the steam-engine is the principal, is equal to that of 20,000,000 of laborers. Hence the mighty power of England. Hence the fact, that her name, though she be but a speck in the ocean, is terrible to the ends of the earth, and the sun never sets upon her dominions.

The last machine which time will permit me to notice, is the printing press. Hitherto we have been speaking of those contrivances which had for their object the better supply of the physical comforts and conveniences of mankind. That of printing touched a higher sphere. It changed the whole condition of the human mind—the seat of all happiness, and the source from which all physical improvement primarily proceeds.

One of the great benefits which the adoption of labor-saving machines afforded, was the setting free a portion of mankind for the cultivation of the mind, for the investigations of science, for the collection of knowledge, for the cultivation of literature. By this means, a few leading minds became capable of directing the physical energies of the mass to the worthiest objects, and to the best means of accomplishing them. But so long as there was no other means of spreading abroad the results of their labors than writing alone, learning must necessarily have been confined to the few. The cost of books was so immense, that kings and princes only could afford them. While then the sun of science, just rising above the horizon, gilded a few of the most prominent objects, the great mass of the people groped in Cimmerian darkness. The time was, not many centuries since, when the power to read was so uncommon that it exempted the possessor of it from the legal penalty of almost every crime. What could have been the moral and intellectual condition of a community so ignorant as this! What power was there to emerge from barbarism, when knowledge, the only instrument of improvement, was locked from the common people? That intellectual force which God distributes in equal measure to rich and poor, and which in one individual revolutionizes the world, was in a majority of cases, lost to mankind, and Watts, Arkwrights and Fultons might be born and die without ever discovering in themselves the talents by which they might have changed the whole face of human affairs. And so, as far as we can see, would it have been forever. The institution of civil government would never have been sufficiently purified and improved to have given that security to human rights, which is necessary to develop the energies of man or the resources of nature; and even that blessed book the Bible, would have been able only to keep up a sort of twilight in the world.

A community, every one of whose members can read; books, nay, the book of books in every cottage; a contrivance by which the most important discovery might be known in a few months to the whole population of the civilized world;

the phenomenon which is now presented of the speech of the Chief Magistrate of a nation speeding in all directions with the velocity almost of light, and in a few days being read at every fireside for thousands of miles circuit, would have been once considered as the dream of a brainsick enthusiast. Yet this has been accomplished by the printing press.

Such are some of the stupendous achievements of machinery, for I have not alluded to a thousandth part of what might here be detailed, and yet the science of mechanism is yet in its infancy. The sciences, which are subsidiary, and which are tributary to it, are of recent origin, and are still far from perfect. There are men living, who may be said to be older than chemistry. The application of steam to mechanical purposes dates not even so far back, and the speed that it has given to locomotion is a work of our own day.

What, then, are its results as far as it has gone? In answer to this question, I have only to point you to almost any one of the comforts and conveniences by which you are daily surrounded, to the clothes you wear, the books you read, the houses you dwell in, and the luxuries of every climate, which load your tables. I have only to tell you that the family of any industrious mechanic in this city is better clothed, better lodged, and better fed, than princes and nobles were three hundred years ago. In the age of Queen Elizabeth a heap of clean straw was thought very comfortable sleeping, and a few rushes spread on the bare ground was their only floor. That vast variety of fruits and vegetables which every where abound, and which have been collected from every shore, was then unknown, or could only be procured by the most opulent as a rare and costly luxury. And for the miserable subsistence which our ancestors then obtained, they were compelled to labor even harder and more incessantly than their children, for they wanted those auxiliaries in labor-saving machines that we possess. The cottager worked harder to spin her pound of yarn a day, than the factory girl now does in superintending the spinning of twenty. The transcriber was nearly as long in writing out a single copy of a book, as the compositor now is in setting the types from which ten thousand copies can be struck. The muleteer worked quite as hard in bringing a few sacks of grain to market, as the engineer now does to transport fifty tons over ten times the distance. It was this incessant toil, and the small resources which resulted from it, that more than any thing else, precluded man's intellectual and moral cultiva-



tion. The young had not the time, the parents had not the means for education. As soon as they were capable of rendering any assistance at the plough or spinning-wheel, their services were required to eke out the slender subsistence of the family. It was only when machinery was pressed into the service and made to do their labor, that they were able to devote two or three years of youth to the purposes of education.

But it may be asked "Are there no evils to counterbalance all this good; is there no danger in thus turning thousands after thousands out of employment, by substituting machinery in their stead? What is to become of these thousands suddenly deprived of all support?" We answer, that all great improvements have been attended with this temporary evil. But it is not only temporary but partial, and results in universal good. They are always provided for, because the increased production at smaller expense reduces the prices of the article upon which they have been employed. The consumers pay less money for the same necessary or luxury than they did before, and, of course, save the difference. What will they do with the sum thus saved? Hoard it? By no means, not in money at least, but either spend it in transitory luxuries, or some permanent improvement. In the production of that luxury or improvement, all the idle hands will be soon employed, and then the increased production, and the diminution in price will be ever after so much substantial gain to the world. To none will the gain be greater than to these very people, who live by the work of their own hands. To them cheapness is every thing, and a general cheapening of necessities and luxuries does just so much to bring them on a level with the most wealthy.

But it may be further enquired if the substitution of machinery will not so reduce the price of labor as to bring distress on the industrious classes? We answer, that this fear is justified neither by theory nor facts. No such consequence has as yet been felt; and a man certainly, who can produce forty yards a day, can better be paid a dollar than if he could produce only twenty. And even if wages were reduced one half, he would be no loser, if, through machinery, the price of every thing he has to buy were reduced to one quarter. So it is through all branches of labor.

One more objection may be made. As all the support of man comes ultimately from the earth, will not this rapid increase of population, created by manufactures, soon reach the limit of its productiveness, and thus all be overtaken with famine? We answer, that this period, by this very im-

provement of mechanical powers, has been indefinitely postponed. Every horse which is superseded by canals, and rail-roads, and steam-engines, liberates three acres of cultivated land for the sustenance of human beings; and the inexhaustible beds of coal, which these very facilities substitute in the place of wood, may turn many millions of acres of forest into cultivated fields, which otherwise would never have added to the number of the human race. It is now altogether impossible to say what the productive powers of the earth are, now that the invention of easier and cheaper means of transportation has brought within reach of the farmer, the lime, the plaster, and the marl, by which its fertility may be increased to almost any extent. In short, so great is the expansion on every side which has lately taken place of the means of the support, the civilization, and the moral improvement of mankind, that the race may be said to be just commencing a new career, of the nature of which the ages that are gone furnish us with no analogies to enable us to conceive:—

"The last great age foretold by ancient rhymes  
Begins its final course; Saturnian times  
Roll round again, and mighty years begun  
From their first orb their radiant circles run."

The part which our own country is destined to bear in this great order of things, it requires no prophetic ken to foresee. Our free and popular government, which, like the all-surrounding atmosphere, fosters all, without being oppressive to any, gives the widest possible scope for human enterprise, and checks us only when we do wrong. Our vast extent of territory furnishes us with the greatest variety of productions, which can be exchanged without the embarrassments of foreign trade. Our vast and mighty rivers, lakes and bays, afford the easiest and cheapest channels for commerce. Our endless forests of lumber, our inexhaustible beds of iron and coal, our gigantic waterfalls afford us the materials of national wealth, greatness and happiness, such as the world nowhere else affords. To develop these, we have a degree of education among the industrious classes, which never before had been imagined possible, but which invents each year more machines for the simplifying and shortening of the various processes of manual labor than marked the progress of ages, when labor was thought to be the proper occupation only of serfs and slaves. Our position, too, operates in many ways to our advantage. We have no powerful and dangerous

neighbors to turn our energies from the arts of peace to the self-destroying enterprises of war or conquest. Our standing armies are not consuming the fruits of the earth in idle pageantry, or in building military fortifications; but they are digging our canals, they are laying our rail-roads, they are deepening our rivers, they are opening our mines, and making yearly more productive, the industry of our growing millions. Cold must be that man's heart, dead must be that American's patriotism, who, without emotion, can take the view which we have imperfectly sketched out of the essential means of human progress, and find them all in unsurpassed abundance in that country which he proudly calls his home. He may be excused if in a moment of enthusiasm he adopts as almost prophetic the sentiment of one of the choicest spirits of our mother land, when he exclaimed—

"Westward the star of empire takes its way,  
The four first acts already past,  
The fifth shall close the drama with the day  
Time's noblest offspring is the last."

---

#### AN EMERGENCY.

"Copy! Copy! here's a nook  
Which wears a too forsaken look,"  
Cries out the man with *stick* in hand.  
And down we sit,—yet at a *stand*—  
To lash our mental slaves, to bring  
Some draughts, from the poetic spring.

"But, hold!" he cries; "that's all the rhyme  
I want at this particular time—  
Unless 'tis very good; which, sure,  
E'en *authors* cannot, aye, procure."  
"I grant 'tis true," I answered; then  
Dropped from my hand, my feeble pen.

S.



## THE ATLANTIS.

(Continued from p. 41.)

### CHAPTER XV.

#### *The events of Sunday, or the Sabbath.*

As this was Sunday, or the Sabbath, I rose in the morning with those solemnized feelings, of which on this sacred day I have always been sensible from the earliest period of life, and with a zest I had never before experienced, gave place to that train of pious reflections which are naturally awakened within us, when conscious that we are approaching into the consecrated presence of Deity. In this climate, there appeared to be a calmness and serenity in the atmosphere, and a mitigated splendor in the rising sun, which were peculiarly favorable to devotion, and which led one by a kind of instinctive appetency towards a mental audience and high converse with Heaven. Conformably to what I deem the bounden duty of the Christian, my Sunday mornings were spent in the perusal of sacred scripture and devotional tracts of disquisitions upon Divinity, and of the ablest and most interesting sermons both in the English and French languages. Surely, Divine benignity never conferred upon mankind a more beneficial institution than the Christian Sabbath. Human wisdom could not devise a more apt and judicious partition of our time between heaven and earth; and occupied as is that portion which is devoted to religious offices in the countries of Christendom, it becomes the most powerful of all those moral causes, that operate to improve, humanize and refine our race. Without the softening influence of this divine ordinance; whatever might be the advances made by mankind in those sciences that enlighten the nations, and arts that civilize them, their passions would remain unsubdued, their ferocity untamed, and their manners harsh and barbarous. During my continuance and wanderings in this country, I found, with great satisfaction, that in Saturnia, and throughout the whole of Atlantis, the Sunday or Sabbath, was a great day with the inhabitants, that its sacred rest and cessation from secular occupations were religiously

observed, and all its pious offices most faithfully and scrupulously fulfilled. There not only appeared in Saturnia a total suspension of all temporal affairs, all travelling which was not indispensable or tributary to humanity, all interchange of visiting and indulgence in amusement and dissipation, but so great was the stillness produced during the celebration of public worship, and other solemnities of the season, that it really and truly awakened in my mind an overpowering awe, and a perfect mastery of the passions, affections and vagrant thoughts. Not only man and animals, but the whole earth, elements, and sky seemed to pause, reflect, and be conscious of the sublime presence and agency of the Divinity. The very pulse of nature appeared to stop, while she presented to her Author the homage of her gratitude and adoration. I never before felt myself drawn by so strong a cord of attraction towards heaven, nor so cordially to imbibe those secret whisperings of admonition and instruction that flow to us from the fountain of intelligence and benignity.

When the hour of ten arrived, I accompanied the inmates of the hotel to the nearest church, which was denominated St. Paul's, and proved to be the most superb monument of architectural skill in the whole capital. It appeared, upon enquiry, that the inhabitants of the city regard it as a part of their piety to exert their utmost skill and expend their most profuse treasures in the erection of places of public worship. They maintain, that, although the Supreme Being, who holds the treasures of the universe at his disposal, can stand in no need of any adventitious circumstances to enhance his majesty and glory, and cannot assuredly be gratified with useless or gaudy decoration; yet, in the construction of dwellings, which are to ornament a city, it is but right and decent that God should have a preference to man, the Creator to the creature, and that houses of simple, indeed, but sublime magnificence, should be dedicated to Him to whose awful grandeur they are suited, and to whose beneficence we are indebted for all the riches we possess, and all the blessings we enjoy.

After taking my seat in a pew, and casting my eyes around upon the assembly, to my great delight, I perceived that the clergyman who was ascending the reading desk, clad in a white surplice, in order to officiate this day, was my late acquaintance, and the celebrated writer, Dr. Samuel Clarke. I had become familiar with his sermons and other works, and felt an eager curiosity to witness his personal appearance and performance in the pulpit. I had already

understood that all the best critics in Saturnia allowed him to be the greatest philosopher and most learned divine among the whole list of their clergy, far surpassing all others in his clearness of conception, depth and cogency of reasoning, and remarkable skill in illustrating and making application of scripture. After the morning service was ended, he retired for a few moments into the vestry room, and then returning, dressed in a neat silk gown, which I was told was the vestment universally worn by the clergy of that city, with some slight variation in form for the bishops, ascended the pulpit, and delivered his discourse. Nothing could surpass the intellectual excellence of this performance. The subject he had selected upon this occasion, was the inspiration of scripture, founded upon that text which expressly asserts it, and never before had I heard any topic discussed with such masterly force of reasoning and felicity of illustration, both in reference to the Old and New Testament. Without any of the graces of elocution, or external arts of eloquence, he exhibited a power superior to them all, that of enchaining the attention, captivating the mind, and subduing the resistance of prejudice and passion. There was a sublime of reason in his argument, for there is such a characteristic in writing and discourse, in which ideas seemed to flow from his mind with the fullness and intensity of a radiating light, like that which beams from the meridian sun. This pulpit disquisition, appeared to me to present a perfect specimen of intellectual preaching, and furnished a rich repast to a highly educated audience. Dr. Clarke had the happiness to address an auditory of this kind, since he was honored with the presence of Newton, Locke, Franklin, and many of the most illustrious among the English, American, and French, upon this occasion, the greater part of whom are members of his communion, and regular attendants upon his ministry. Happy clergyman! I inwardly ejaculated, who is favored with an audience whose reaches of thought are commensurate with his own, whose intelligence enables them to comprehend his profoundest conceptions and most elaborate demonstrations, who can follow and sympathize with him in his boldest flights of genius, and who can kindle along with him at the glow of an ardent piety unadulterated with any tincture of superstition and fanaticism.

After the whole service was concluded, and the congregation were dispersing to their several homes, I passed up the aisle to meet Dr. Clarke, and express the unfeigned satisfaction and rich instruction I had derived from his discourse, and after mutual salutations, he proposed that I should



proceed to his house, and partake with him that frugal Sunday meal, which, he said, it was his habit to have prepared, in order to allow his domestics the advantage of an attendance upon the solemnities of the church. This was a proposal too agreeable to be declined, and I availed myself of the opportunity to give satisfaction to my mind, as to some alterations I had remarked in the liturgy he had used in the celebration of divine worship. During the course of conversation at dinner, I observed to him, there is some difference, I perceive, between the services of the Episcopal Church as repeated by you this morning, and that form of words which is prescribed both in the churches of England and America. Since every thing is transacted in Saturnia with such consummate address and good sense, I presume you must regard these alterations as very advisable, and decided improvements upon the formulas introduced into the worship of those countries.

To what do you now, immediately refer? replied he. We have made, it is true, several important alterations, all of which we deem improvements, without in any degree trenching upon the fundamental doctrines of christianity, and with signal advantages as to the growth of genuine piety, as well as the spirited and animating performance of public services.

In the first place, said I, I remarked, that during the progress of your performance this morning, you stopped at the end of the Litany, and omitted both the ante-communion service and the collect, gospels and epistles.

These alterations we have made, he answered, with deliberate consideration, and after mature reflection and experience. By consulting Dr. Paley's moral philosophy, you will discover that the English church has long since been convinced, that her morning service is extended to an unreasonable length; and that nothing but an idle panic at innovation, has withheld her from abridging it. That portion of our liturgy, you probably are aware, is an accumulation of three services into one. The gradual increments made to it during the lapse of centuries, have at length raised it into a pile, which men's shoulders can hardly sustain. The Episcopal Church has in her liturgy one of the most inestimable treasures, heaven ever bestowed upon a religious community; nothing can surpass its beauty, variety, sublime simplicity of thought and style, as well as the pure, rational, and fervid piety which it breathes; but, except in Saturnia and Atlantis, it appears to me, she has never made the best possible use of it, or converted it into as efficient an instrument of religious utility and edification as are practicable.

*Prospero.* There is great force in the views you have expressed, and I acknowledge, that I felt a more lively interest in the devotions of this morning, from the commencement to the end, than I ever before experienced. But I should ascribe this result, in no slight degree, to the novelty of my situation, and my great veneration for the orator, and the enchained attention which he awakened to the discourse. But I doubt not you will concede to me, that the public worship of the Almighty ought not to be unduly curtailed.

*Clarke.* Undoubtedly not. It would be light and irreverent, too greatly to abridge the public worship of God. There is a just medium in such transactions, as in all others, which we should strive to ascertain. A slight and hurried worship is as much to be avoided as a tedious and protracted one. They both defeat the great end of this religious institution; but the evils of an inordinately prolonged service, are peculiarly apparent, and doubly pernicious, when the same form of words is incessantly repeated. The sentiments of piety in the bosom of a good man, although strong and glowing in their nature, are unavoidably evanescent; and if the language in which these effusions of the heart are conveyed, be spun out into unnatural length, and still continued when the devotional feelings have evaporated, habits of grimace and hypocrisy may be contracted, but genuine piety declines. Forms of devotion, therefore, should be lively, glowing, and frequently renewed, but never long protracted. Hence our church in Saturnia, by abridging her services without subjecting them to excessive mutilation, has decidedly improved them. Rejecting all that rendered her liturgy cumbrous, tedious, and irksome, she has provided an apt and spirited form, suited to all public occasions, the formula in each case being adapted to that peculiar solemnity which it celebrates; such as the worship of Sunday, of week days, and the ordination of clergymen, consecration of churches, and meetings of ecclesiastical assemblies. The result of this whole arrangement is, that when our congregation are summoned to convene, they enter with cheerfulness and alacrity into the houses of worship, knowing that they shall not be disgusted with perpetual repetitions, nor wearied into impatience by unnecessary delay.

*Prospero.* I perceive, too, that you have greatly changed the plan of selecting the chapters to be read both from the old and new testament, and have entirely omitted the use of collects, gospels, and epistles.

*Clarke.* The collects we have distributed among the rest of the morning petitions, and the gospels and epistles are

included within the number of lessons for morning and evening service. As to the lessons to be read from the old and new testament, and especially from the first, we have totally altered the principle upon which the selections are made. We read in the public ear only those chapters which are the most pure, chastened, and replete with that wisdom which cometh from above. While we sincerely believe all scripture to be given by inspiration of God, and every part in its place and for its especial purpose, intended for the admonition and instruction of the faithful; yet we do not allow, that the Holy Inditer himself could have intended, that every portion should be promulged in the ear of numerous and promiscuous assemblies. We think, that at the period of the reformation, the Church of Christ passed from one extreme to the other, in the promulgation of scripture, from the utter occlusion of the sacred volume against all classes of mankind, save the clergy, and the reading of nothing intelligible to the people; to the open utterance and ill-advised promulgation of every thing, whether suited or unsuited to the public intelligence and taste, whether calculated to promote the progress of piety and virtue, or give a color to the misconstructions and calumnies of the impious. Not a single word in the sacred volume is not apt and useful in its place, and on no account would we consent to its erasure; but some portions of it must have been intended by the Great Inspirer, to be read in private, others only to be ushered into public. The word of God, in this respect, as in innumerable others, is in harmony with his works.

*Prospero.* I should say, that this arrangement is a decided and most important improvement. In the selection of passages, too, for the public ear, certainly, it would be wise and prudent to pay some attention to the difference of taste between the western and eastern nations, the intelligence and refinement of the present times, and the coarseness and vulgarity of ancient days. That richness of expression, and license of imagery, which would have been employed without offence, and in perfect innocence, by the nations of the East, expose to a severe trial the delicacy and sensibility of a modern audience. But what has always appeared to me a most unaccountable oversight in the compilers of our liturgy, is that in providing lessons for the Sunday service, which we know to be more important than all others, so many admirable portions of scripture should be omitted, while others of inferior merit, and in many cases of questionable claims to preference, should be introduced in their stead. Why, upon the Sundays in the year, those great days of assembling the



people, on presenting their noblest offerings to heaven, should we be so scantily supplied with the lessons of admonition from the proverbs of Solomon, that store-house of practical wisdom, from the book of Ecclesiastes, and from the poem of Job, not to allude to other portions which might be introduced with equal advantage? Surely, the great purpose of a church should be to convey as large supplies of instruction to the people as possible, by reading in their ears the choicest passages of scripture, and leave the remainder for their private perusal and secret meditation.

*Clarke.* You have described precisely the plan we have pursued in Saturnia, and touched the considerations which led us to the new adjustment of the liturgy.

*Prospero.* But it appeared to me this morning, that the psalms of David were not used in your services in the same order and proportions, as those in which they are distributed through the English and American Psalter.

*Clarke.* I am glad to find that you are so nice an observer of divine worship, and take so deep an interest in ecclesiastical concerns. It is true, that instead of appointing portions of the psalms of David, taken without discrimination, for every day in the longest months, and a few selections for special occasions, we have smaller selections for every day in the month, from which are excluded all those verses which are discordant to the mild, peaceful, and humane spirit of the Gospel.

*Prospero.* But I thought, that divines had removed all objections to those denunciations pronounced by the sacred penman against his enemies, and softened the asperity of his sentiments, by giving them a spiritual instead of carnal interpretation, and supposing them to be rather prophetic of evils which will overtake the enemies of God, than declarative of the prophet's personal feelings.

*Clarke.* Divines may very laudably resort to lenitives of that kind, in order to mollify the harshness of such denunciations of wrath, but besides, that every person of understanding must perceive that this interpretation is far from obvious, and might be thought by some persons forced and unnatural, or a mere subterfuge to escape a difficulty; the real truth of the matter is, that whether this construction of the sacred language be just or not, it is utterly impossible to render it practically operative upon the hearts and minds of worshippers in a mixed assembly. From the native malignity of the human heart, moreover, too many willingly appropriate these damnatory sentences to themselves, and pour out their hatred and vengeance against their enemies through the vehicle

provided for them by divine inspiration. In the church of Saturnia, therefore, we have chosen to adopt the most obvious, unconstrained and inartificial interpretation. We suppose these passages in the Psalms of David, like many other particulars comprised in the Old Testament, to be spots adhering to an imperfect dispensation, half-learned lessons of that schoolmaster who was destined to bring us to Christ. They were the remnant shades, if I may speak so, of those false sentiments which still lingered in the human heart, when the darkness of error was struggling to resist the influx of that light which was shed upon the theory of our moral duty, by Him who was emphatically the great luminary of the moral world. On these accounts we have thought it most advisable to use shorter selections from the Psalms of David for every day in the longest months, which are accordant with the spirit of the gospel, instead of admitting them into our worship without choice or discrimination.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

---

### TO RETZSCH,

ON READING MRS. JAMIESON'S DESCRIPTION OF HIS PAINTING OF THE ANGEL OF DEATH.

"The orbs of sight appeared, at first, two dark unfathomable spaces, like those in a scull; but when I drew nearer, and looked attentively, two lovely, living eyes looked at me again, from out of the depth of shadow, as if from the bottom of an abyss."

*Mrs. Jamieson's Sketches.*

THE artist, when beneath his touch  
Death's pallid feature's lie,  
Leaves the pale brow serene and fair,  
The placid mouth, the wavy hair,  
Yet veils the speaking eye.

What dark imaginings lurk beneath  
That cold and shrouded lid!  
For in the vacant seat of light  
Where hang oblivion's pale of night,  
All that we dread lies hid.

Thy hand has drawn the veil aside,  
Has laid the secret bare;  
And when we shuddering, thought to meet  
Death's hollow gaze,—divinely sweet  
An angel's look is there!

Great moralist! we read the truth  
Thy genius would convey;  
Afar we gaze with awe,—but nigh  
Death's dreaded look and fearful eye  
Of terror, pass away.

*Baltimore.*

## L. E. L.

BY THOMAS R. HOFLAND.

THE music of one of England's sweetest lyres, gladdens the world no more. In the full strength and glory of its power, its strings are suddenly broken, and the many thousand hearts which have owned the magic of its thrilling minstrelsy, while they turn with increased interest and tenderness to the relics which, defying death, shall perpetuate its strains forever, mourn that they may no longer hope to hear its sound again.

Poor L. E. L.! a more melancholy fate than her's is not to be found in the history of literary calamity. In the very bloom of a consummated hope—a hope which had supported her through many hard and bitter trials; and to which, though darkened by the clouds of adverse circumstance, she clung with the enduring faith and trust of woman—in the very moment of her seeming reward, the cup was suddenly snatched from her lips—nor love, nor constancy, nor genius could save her from the inexorable hand of the destroyer. In another world, we may indeed hope, she has a reward more perfect and pure than the highest earthly one could have been; and we have no right to murmur at the decree which called her hence. Heaven but *lends* the spirits—it hath endowed with inspirations of its own divinity—to the world, and in its own good time recalls them.

But while we humbly bow to the mandate of Omnipotence, there is no need that we should do violence to the best sympathies of our nature, by withholding expressions of regret at the severance of cherished earthly ties, the breaking up of social and endearing affections. This is not the creed of nature, and, therefore, not of truth.

The writer of this slight sketch, from his earliest youth, has been intimately and personally acquainted with L. E. L. She was the companion and playmate of his sister's childhood, and the friend and confidant of her riper years. To a warm admiration of her genius, he has ever united a feeling of brotherly affection; nor could the fame of his own mother, were she no more, be well more sacred to him than is that of L. E. L. We advert to these things, only as furnishing proof, that in what he may advance hereafter, he will not speak without knowledge.



There was something peculiarly melancholy and shocking about the manner of L. E. L.'s death; but heart-rending as was that calamity to her friends, the unfeeling and brutal speculation which has been set afloat respecting her, has been to them, if possible, a source of yet severer anguish. If the unprincipled manufacturers of scandalous gossip, would but reflect upon the bitter misery they cause in their vocation, surely they would abandon it. The most depraved nature would not pursue a course so vile; while if he needs must be a villain, a hundred nobler methods are open to him. The tone of a portion of the press in relation to this melancholy affair, has been not only ungenerous, but positively wicked and unjust. People have not been content merely to indulge in speculation, but have actually fabricated falsehood for the support of their ridiculous and shallow theories.

One of the most infamous of these stories, we regret to say, is of English origin. We are as proud as any man that breathes, of our native land, and seldom, aught connected with its name, costs us a blush; but truly, when we read the article we have referred to, our cheek did burn with shame and mortification, that the writer and ourself should have sprung from the same soil. And for his sake, we could almost have renounced the name and birth-right of a Briton. We have no disposition to withhold the name of this person, nor do we fear to publish it: inasmuch as we are ready to *prove* at any time, that his assertions with regard to L. E. L. and Mr. McClean, her husband, were base lies; and that he knew them to be so while writing them. Shelton Mackenzie, a hack scribbler in Liverpool, who by some infatuation on the part of the Editor, has been permitted to thrust himself into respectable company as correspondent of the New York Star. Shelton Mackenzie is the man—psha! we did not mean to write the word,—the creature, who merely to pander to a vitiated, but unfortunately too prevalent, appetite for gossip, has deliberately slandered the fair and honorable reputation of the living, and cast reproach upon the sacred memory of the dead—upon the memory of a woman—and of his own land; a woman, too, who had adorned that land by her glorious genius. But why dwell upon the subject: the broad seal of infamy is affixed plainly upon the transaction. There is no need for us to point it out.

The article to which we allude is, we doubt not, familiar to most of our readers, as it was extensively copied by the press throughout the country. In case, however, there should be some unacquainted with it, we will briefly state its substance. It declares that Mr. McClean insulted his wife

by open profligacy of the most indecent and wanton description; and that, crushed and broken-hearted by this treatment, she sought refuge from her sorrows in self-destruction. Now even had there been any foundation for this report, it would, at least, have evinced but common manliness of feeling, not to have aggravated the deep affliction of the friends of the departed, by giving it publicity almost before the earth had covered her remains.

But there was *no* foundation for such a report. A more gratuitous and infamous falsehood was never engendered in a malicious heart. That our readers may be enabled to form a judgment in the matter, we will briefly sketch the history of Mr. McClean's connexion with L. E. L. Our information is derived from sources unquestionable and unimpeachable—as in the event of its being questioned we shall not fail to prove.

The attachment of Mr. McClean for L. E. L. was of the purest and most ardent character—an attachment, not suddenly formed, but one which had endured through a long period of years, constant and unchanging, save in the continual increase of its depth and devotion. It is now some ten years, since McClean and L. E. L. first loved. How such a nature as her's must have loved—if it loved at all—may be easily conceived; and we do not hesitate to say, that in purity of sentiment and thought, he to whom she gave her heart, was her equal. That the man to whom such a creature as L. E. L. had given the priceless treasure of her young and pure affections, should have felt proud and happy in the gift, who can doubt? and that he would have sought for a consummation of his happiness by a speedy union with the object of his choice, might reasonably have been expected. But in his mind—his strong and honorable mind—there existed obstacles in the way of such, which, though at a severe sacrifice of his feelings, his generous manly nature would not suffer him to forget.

He was young, without fortune; and he felt that he was unable to offer prospects to L. E. L. worthy her acceptance—not that he misdoubted she could be influenced by worldly feelings; but his heart sickened at the idea of asking this young and gifted creature, for his sake, to renounce the comforts and luxuries of her own home, to share in the vicissitudes of his uncertain fortunes. He knew, also, that the friends of L. E. L. would have considered the match a sacrifice on her part; and not even for the sake of her, whom he so fondly loved, could the proud and lofty spirit of

McClean endure the thought, that he could be looked upon coldly or slightly.

This noble sacrifice of feeling to what he considered his duty, was not more severely felt by himself, than by her who had called it into action. The tone of her writing—so exquisite in its plaintive, melancholy beauty—was derived from the inspiration of her own feelings in this affair; and very much of the glorious poetry, which has been read and admired as but the creation of a fertile fancy, was the genuine overflowing feeling of a sorrowing spirit—a spirit so divine in its nature, that its very complainings were robed in loveliness—its very miseries a source of joy to others.

But McClean did not despair. He devoted himself energetically to the practice of an arduous profession. We will not dwell upon his sufferings—his trials; though many and severe, he drooped not, nor repined; for in the dim distance, he saw still shining with an undimmed and holy lustre, a star of promise, which, ever amid the gloomiest moments, shed a ray of sunshine in his soul.

Well! at length, he triumphed; he was able to offer L. E. L. prospects worthy her acceptance. He found her unchanged in her feelings; and the separated but faithful friends of years were united. The reader knows the rest. We may be excused from dwelling upon after events—events of so painful and melancholy a character.

Now we put it to the common sense of the community—Is it likely that such a man, as we have described Mr. McClean to be, (and that our description is correct, we will avouch at any time, and in any place,) could have acted the part ascribed to him by this reckless libeller, Mackenzie? Men do not rush from virtue into vice headlong in a moment. The change, when change there is, is gradual. The character of McClean had always been remarkably pure; and at the very time, when he had increased incentives to preserve it so, could he thus suddenly become the vile wretch this fellow would have us suppose? The idea is too preposterously absurd to dwell upon.

What, then, does the wretch deserve, who could thus basely assail the reputation of a virtuous, and honorable, and sorrow-stricken man? surely the scorn and execration of the whole world. But we have already wasted too many words upon the fellow. We leave him to the reproaches of his own conscience, "and to the thorns which, in his bosom's lodge, shall prick and sting him."

It forms no part of our purpose, in this place, to enter into speculation as to the cause of L. E. L.'s death. We think



the tone of her letters written the very night preceding her demise, furnish sufficient evidence that she was in no state of mind, that was likely to induce her to the crime of self-destruction. We do not indeed believe, that under any circumstances, however afflictive, she could have committed such an act. It is one at variance with the whole tenor of her life—a life which had been characterised by self-sacrifice and endurance, in a more than ordinary degree. But we have no evidence worthy the slightest regard, that there existed any incentives to such an act; on the contrary, it may reasonably be supposed, that the happiest period of her existence was that when she was so suddenly called upon to resign it. She was united to the husband of her choice and her affections, and between that husband and herself, it was expressly stated on the coroner's inquest, there had never passed an unkind word. Was this, then, the first instance of casual death which has been known, that it should cause so much speculative wonder, and excite imputations of so horrible a kind? The mind that is disposed to look always upon the darkest side of things, in its gloomy and desolate nature, is a proper object of pity; but when it attempts, by distorted statements, to prejudice the vision of others, it should be the object of contempt and scorn. There is no sublimer sentiment in the whole christian creed—that sublimest of all moral codes, than the one which says, "Judge not, lest ye be judged." But for this divine and beautiful maxim, how full of doubt, and suspicion, and mistrust, would be the intercourse of man and man! An evil imagination can invest an angel of light in the semblance of the fallen; how much more than poor human nature, frail and full of error at the best.

Gentle reader! whosoever thou art, that hast borne with us through this imperfect but well intended sketch, let us claim a privilege from our brief connexion, and beseech you to cherish this holy maxim in your souls—"Judge not lest ye be judged." For L. E. L., let not a thought injurious to her memory, find a resting place in your heart; and for the bereaved and broken-hearted husband, give him your prayers. Our task is ended: Farewell!

From the Southern Churchman.

## THE SOUTH-SEA ISLANDER.

A PRIZE POEM: IN THREE PARTS.

BY N. C. BROOKS.

"The first convert, on the arrival of the missionaries, was the chieftain's daughter, a maid of singular beauty and intelligence; and, through her instrumentality, the whole island embraced christianity. Desirous of convincing them, that the god whom they sought to propitiate by offerings and human sacrifices was no god, she descended the crater of the volcano of Peli—the supposed residence of the god,—and stirred the liquid lava with the staff which she bore in her hand. While the awe-struck inhabitants expected to see the God signally punish her impiety, she ascended with her blazing torch, unscathed. The charm of superstition was broken—the christian's God was acknowledged, and adoration paid no longer to the fires of Peli."—*Voyage to the Sandwich Islands.*

### PART III.

#### THE TRIUMPH OF CHRISTIANITY.

ARGUMENT. *Zeal of the Young Convert—Truth and Prejudice—Heroism of Kaplioni—Terror of the Multitude—Parental Love superior to Fear—Her descent into the Volcano—Triumphant Ascent—Conversion of the Inhabitants to the one true God.*

As truth young Kaplioni's mind inspired,  
And burning zeal her kindling bosom fired,  
The impassioned eloquence of nature came  
Forth from her lips as touched with holy flame;  
And prayers and tears were mingled, as the maid  
To sire and friends the Gospel truths portrayed.  
But as the surface curls beneath the breeze,  
While all unbroken sleep the nether seas,  
Their feelings trembled, by the maid reproved,  
While prejudice within remained unmoved;  
Still for the god of fire their altars burned,  
And still the God Omnipotent was spurned.  
Then while her mind by anxious cares was prest,  
A holy daring nerved her troubled breast,  
To brave their deity upon his throne,  
And prove the christian's God was God alone.

As sunk the sun, while gorgeous hues of even  
Were pencilled on the canvass clouds of heaven,  
And a calm quiet, like a spell of love,  
Came down on bamboo tent and fair alcove;  
The maids, with Kaplioni at their head,  
Advanced, but not, as erst, with bounding tread,

But slow and staid, in melancholy grace,  
With speechless sorrow pictured on the face,—  
Not to the swell of music—for alone  
Came airy murmurs from their conchs unblown;  
From female eyes the tear-drops fell like rain,  
As swept the band along the verdant plain:  
And manhood's bended brow and lip comprest  
Kept down the rising sorrows of the breast,  
While on the breeze that bore a sire's despair,  
Were flung the tresses of his silver hair,  
As towards the island god, with aspect wild  
And faltering step, he pressed upon his child.

Slow toiled the maid, o'er many a rugged heap  
Of blackened *scoria* up the mountain's steep,  
Steadying her footsteps with a sandal spar,  
While, struck with awe, the myriads stood afar,  
And gazed to see the god of fire ascend  
In awful wrath, the mountain top to rend,  
And overwhelm th' intruder 'neath the fiery tide  
That sweeps in ruin down its blazing side.  
Now on the crater's verge the maiden stood  
High o'er the abyss where rolled the lava flood—  
And raised, as fell the tranquil light of even,  
Her brow serene and outstretched arms to heaven,  
Then sunk beneath the caverns awful shades,  
As sorrow's wildest wail, from youths and maids,  
Shook with the throe of anguish hill and plain,  
And startled with its peal the far-resounding main.

Hushed is the voice of woe, and soul and sense  
Bound in expectance, breathless and intense;  
Yet one with feeble step and locks of age  
Climbs up the mount and braves the demon's rage,  
While at its base strong, vigorous youths appear,  
With nerves unstrung, and pallid cheeks of fear.  
And now, the summit gained, the awe-struck sire  
Saw heavenward roll a myriad sparks of fire,  
And shuddered as the red revolving blaze  
Flashed from the crater up its quivering rays,  
Then, shrieking, sunk to earth, and crowds below,  
In fearful cry, sent back the plaint of woe.

As lay the fallen chieftain, o'er him bent,  
Not Peli's god, in fiery element,  
Enrobed in all his blazing terrors wild—  
But bright with holy smiles his blooming child,  
Who, fired by zeal, with dauntless foot had trod  
The burning realm of superstition's god  
And stirred with sandal spar the lava wave  
That boiled below, within the mountain's cave.



The maiden spoke, and at the well-known sound  
 Were broke the chains of error that had bound;  
 Light stole upon his bosom, and he turned  
 From Peli's god, vain, powerless and spurned;  
 And calling on the christian's God alone,  
 Descended with his child, whose features shone,  
 Illumed with hope, and with her torch's flame,  
 Like Moses, when from Sinai's brow he came;  
 And error fled, as spread the holy glow  
 Of light and love amid the crowd below,  
 Who owned the Deity, till earth and main  
 Re-echoed back "JEHOVAH GOD!" again.

---

### A PRAYER.

RY THOMAS R. HOFLAND.

FATHER of good—all wise and infinite—  
 Enthroned high above the ken of Earth,  
 Look down in mercy on thy feeble child,  
 And, from the bright effulgence of thy grace,  
 Illume his soul, which now is dark and void,  
 And, trembling, hovers in uncertainty.  
 Fain would I see Thee truly as thou art—  
 So near, as the frail eye of mortal clay  
 May look on Thee and live. I know, oh God,  
 That Thou art mighty—of the mightiest:  
 For lo! the sound of thy creative voice  
 Woke slumbering chaos into teeming life;  
 And at Thy word the lofty mountains rose,  
 And the small wild flow'rs nestled at their feet;  
 No more to Thee to form Thy myriad worlds,  
 And set the sun amidst the firmament,  
 No more—than on the rose to heap perfume,  
 Or mould the glistening dew-drop on its leaf.  
 I know too, thou art kind and merciful—  
 For I have stood upon the mountain tops,  
 When the fierce lightnings quivered in their wrath,  
 And the huge forest tree, which proudly rocked  
 Its branches high, and battled with the blast,  
 Fell like some mighty giant prone to earth—  
 Whilst I—a worm—gazed on the awful wreck,  
 Unscathed and harmless, mid the tempest's rage.

But oh, Almighty Power! my spirit craves  
 A closer and more intimate commune,  
 With Thee and with thy sacred mysteries.  
 Father and God! oh let thy lowly child,  
 Strong in the love of truth, be *wisely bold*;  
 But if my soul too rashly craves to see  
 Things which Thou in Thy wisdom hast withheld,  
 Teach me humility. Enough for me  
 In trembling hope, to worship and adore.

## GASPAR SCRIBLERUS.

BY P. I. THOMAS.

"I would pray you, Master Stephen, possess no gallant of my acquaintance  
With a knowledge of the place of my retreat—I would be private."  
*Every Man in his Humor.*

It was under the bright sky of a fine bracing morning, in the month of December, that Gaspar Scriblerus left his home—on the banks of a romantic little stream, which he was pleased to call the Gaudalquiver,—on a visit to the great commercial emporium of our State. There is some secret attraction in the place where we have passed the cheerful innocence of childhood, that binds our heart to it during the remainder of life. No sooner, then, had Gaspar ascended an eminence, that gave him a retrospective view of his native valley, than he turned his eye towards it, and gazed for some time with a kind of pensive complacency:

"Happy scenes," said he, "where I have seen the sun so often rise, and set! Yonder is the grove where, in summer, I reclined at noon; and yonder the sheltered south-bank, where in winter I so loved to muse at eve. In yonder mansion, I first drew the breath of heaven. But silent and sad are the halls of my fathers."

Before the reader is invited to accompany him on this journey, or made acquainted with its object, it may be well to give a short sketch of the personal and family history of the personage we have introduced. His stature was tall, his visage long, his complexion so adust, that one might have referred his origin to other lands—*alio sub sole calentes*, as the poet hath it; his brows were black and even, his nose aquiline, and his eyes hollow, yet piercing; all which, notwithstanding "a hair-brained, sentimental trace," too legibly written to be misunderstood, imparted a shade of melancholy to his countenance, and gave him much the appearance of a Spaniard. Any reference to this fact, doubtless afforded him no little pleasure: for he boasted of his descent from the celebrated Martinus Scriblerus, whose memoirs have been transmitted to posterity, by the pen of Pope. When rallied on the subject of his olive complexion, and even more than Spanish gravity, he would remark, with something more like

a smile than he was ever known to assume on any other occasion, "that his great ancestor, the renowned Martinus, had not been entirely candid in his relation of the story of the Spanish Lady and the Pomegranate; and that the good gentleman, her husband—who, he would add, was as jealous a Don as ever wore a Toledo—had continued to lead his wife so uncomfortable a life, that, with the assistance of that enterprising navigator, and known friend of the family, Captain Lemuel Gulliver, she had actually made her escape to England. Her marriage having been formally annulled, by papal authority, she became, in due process of time, Mrs. Martinus Scriblerus."

At what time their descendants emigrated to this country, we cannot undertake to declare. Doubtless, it was at a period very remote. A wag who took delight in teasing Gaspar, on the subject, used to say "it was before registers were invented: for no record was to be found relating to it." Be that as it may, their possessions, however extensive they might have originally been, had gradually wasted away in the hands of a family, the members of which were all either poets or philosophers. It is a melancholy fact, that men of genius, who are expected to act with more discretion than other men, find that very fancy for which they are so highly esteemed, their greatest impediment; to which may also be added, that those gold mines, which have since been discovered on Mount Parnassus, were not, then, known to exist.

The improvidence of his forefathers had left him indeed but a small patrimony; yet as his pursuits were altogether literary, and his habits economical, he contrived to maintain a certain degree of independence, and was much esteemed and even beloved in his neighborhood.

Great was the astonishment felt throughout the valley, on the annunciation of the fact, that Gaspar Scriblerus was actually about to make a visit to the great City. Rumor with her hundred tongues, was open-mouthed on the occasion. The truth was, a crotchet had got into poor Gaspar's brain, which had pierced many a wiser man through with many sorrows. He had determined, to be rich. All Gaspar's neighbors were "getting up in the world;" some by their farms, others by their merchandises. This he could bear without envy or repining, as they were matters entirely out of his way; but an unchancy wight, who was almost as "cock-brained a fellow as himself," (to use an epithet of Anthony Wood's,) had in an evil hour possessed himself of a bundle of the slips of the *morus multicaulis*; every sprout of which, as he asserted, would become as *auriferous* as the



famous bough of the Ænead. As this friend talked of nothing, but "Africa and golden joys," Gaspar began to cast about in his own mind, how he, also, might come to sit under the drippings of fortune's golden fountain. I will take it upon my sapiency to say, that no man who was other than a genuine member of the family of the Scribleri, would ever have discovered the expedient which suggested itself to the wise head of our friend Gaspar. He intended—but I will not anticipate.

Gaspar Scriblerus, at the age of forty-eight, the period of life to which we refer, was—

"Lord of himself, uncumbered by a wife."

Not that he was an enemy to wedlock, or that he had not a high opinion of the fair sex. On the contrary, he was fond of their society, and no stranger to the tenderest impressions. Some burn, his fingers had received in early life, had never been completely cicatrized; and, therefore, he was determined to live with some beautiful image before his mental eye, (claiming not the original,) whose charms he sung under the name of Phillyda, or Chloe, or Amaryllis, in strains which might have been deemed sufficient to soften the most obdurate, or subdued the loftiest mind. His love was as ethereal and imaginative as that of Don Quixotte for his Dulcinea; and as the charmers severally passed into the limbo of matrimony, he immediately selected another object on whom he might pour out the effusions of his muse. Now it so chanced, that a young beauty, whom Gaspar had celebrated in his happiest poetic style, under the name of Sylvia, (and, truly, she was a maiden of many bewitching charms,) had obtained for his verses, an insertion in one of our fashionable periodicals, and even an encomium from the pen of the editor.

By an evil coincidence, his eye fell upon his own verses, beautifully printed on wire-wove, hot-pressed vellum paper, at the same moment that Lockhart's life of Scott fell into his hands. "What prodigious sums were paid for literary labor," thought he, as stepped in his sanguine neighbor, raving with the mania of the *morus multicaulis*, to interrupt the train of reflections into which his mind had fallen. He listened, and the *auri sacra fames* was fast kindling upon him—not a spark of envy was mingled in the flame. On the contrary, with an air of a bravado, which he had never before manifested, he exclaimed, "a fig for your slips and scions base;" and striding away to a little closet, which he called his study, he revelled in the contemplation of his fancied

wealth, as his eye roved over sonnets, odes, and legendary tales, without number. They were perused, re-perused, and severally valued. Even now I cannot, without a melancholy smile, fancy to myself the complacency with which he put down a favorite sonnet, written, as I bethink me, "On seeing Celia bite off the end of a finger of her glove," at a price which a first rate author would consider ample compensation, for a first rate production, on a first rate subject. Gaspar Scriblerus at once determined to bring this hoard of wealth into the market; and with this hopeful project in view, did he, on the occasion referred to in the commencement of my narrative, leave the peaceful valley of Gaudalquiver.

After what manner he accomplished his journey, or what time it required, it does not pleasure me to say; for as intimated by the motto prefixed to this paper—"I mean to possess no one of the knowledge of the place of my abode." I rejoice to say, however, we knew nothing of rail-roads and turnpikes. Of rail-roads, indeed, I cannot speak experimentally; but I have a vivid recollection of the inconveniences, which attend the traveller, and more particularly the unlucky wight, who travels in a stage coach. He has not the least control over his time, his person, or his purse. The two first are entirely at the mercy of the fellow who drives him; and the last is never out of the reach of the highwayman. To these must be added the many hair-breadth escapes, from perils of the swollen river, and the shelving bank. I do not say that *Gaspar* encountered all, or any of these evils. I enumerate them to show, that I have not viewed the world only through the medium of books, or traversed it "dry-shod at home." We will fancy, then, that he has arrived safe at the hotel, in ——— street, where we will leave him to take a night of rest after his journey of fatigue.

Breakfast was now over, and Gaspar not yet determined after what manner he should seek access to the editor of the work, to whom he intended to offer his wares, was walking thoughtfully to and fro in the hall, when one of the bar-keepers—whose perception in such matters enabled him to see, notwithstanding the rustic appearance of his outward man, that he was a person to whom civility might safely be extended—proposed the reading room as more agreeable.

"The reading room!" there was magic in the sound, and he entered accordingly, thanking him for his kindness. By what might seem a capricious turn of fortune, in the very first paper which he took up, were inserted his own "lines to Sylvia," copied, with something of commendation, from the magazine. His chest expanded, and his eyes glistened, as

an old gentleman, "burly and big," and apparently studious of his ease, civilly intimated his wish to see the paper, when he had done with it. It was instantly surrendered, and the delighted poet stood collecting himself to receive with due modesty, the encomiums which, he doubted not, would be presently forthcoming. The stranger perused the paper with evident satisfaction, and having, as it seemed, finished the article which particularly attracted his attention, returned it to Gaspar with an acquiescent nod expressive of a coincidence of opinion in a matter equally interesting to both.

"Tis the only paper," said he, "which affords us anything which can be considered genuine; and that very article is a proof of it. "I am delighted to hear you say so," was Gaspar's ready exclamation. "I do say so," said the gentleman, with increased emphasis, pleased in his turn, to find his opinion so highly estimated; "and I say, moreover, that the greater part of what we get on such subjects, is absolute fiction, positively trash." "Indeed?" said the gratified Gaspar, willing to prolong a conversation so interesting. "Fact, upon my credit, sir," said the old gentleman; "why, sir, I am almost tempted to swear, I will never read a paper again before breakfast. Here's a fellow, sir, and he writes confounded well too, and seems to have a very good notion of things, and tells such a pleasant tale of the flourishing state of the country, that on the strength of it I'll drink you a cup of coffee, and, perhaps, eat you a muffin extraordinary; well, sir, I take up another, and I find we are all in the wrong box—that matters are all mismanaged, and the nation on the very eve of absolute destruction: so the cream sours on my stomach, and the muffin brings on dyspepsia. But this is refreshing; this, indeed, is worth reading!"

Poor Gaspar could hold no longer, and with a self-complacent chuckle, which contrasted so strangely with the usual gravity of his manner, as to be quite ludicrous, he exclaimed—"May I be permitted to mention myself to you, sir, as the author of the verses you are pleased so much to admire?"

"*Verses that I admire!*" exclaimed he; "marrow bones!—I never read anything in a newspaper, but the state of the money market and the prices current; verses, indeed; sir, my service to you." "Mad, by Jupiter," was muttered, as he left the room.

There happened to be but few persons in the room, but among them was one of those young popinjays, whom old Dryden has designated, as "gentlemen of wit and pleasure about town;" and he much delighted at the idea of "serving



up" the discomfited man of rhyme to the company, forthwith commenced reading the verses, in such a manner as to provoke the risibility of all present. This amusement, however, was not of long continuance; for Gaspar striding up to him, while the *quo animo*—as the lawyers have it—was not to be mistaken, said, "Hark ye, young sir, so long as those verses were anonymous, you were at liberty to make them and yourself as ridiculous as you pleased; but having unwittingly, I allow, avowed myself as the author, they are now under my protection!"

The young wit was preparing to make an impertinent reply; but looking up into Gaspar's face, most probably saw something there, which altered his intention, for throwing down the paper, he, rather precipitately, left the room.

To poor Gaspar's infinite surprise, and great relief, a gentleman, who had been an attentive observer of all that passed, at this moment approached him, and putting his hand familiarly on his shoulder, and accosting him by name, desired to be favored with his company in a more private room. They were no sooner alone, than the stranger gentleman announced himself as the Editor of the ———; and after some well-turned compliments on his poetical talents, and expressing the high gratification which it gave him to have an opportunity of forming a personal acquaintance with Mr. Scriblerus, he cordially invited him to dine with him,—he himself being, as he said, engaged by pressing business until the dinner-hour. The invitation was, of course, accepted; and who can paint the astonishment at that moment felt by Gaspar Scriblerus? The editor of a popular periodical was, to him, an object of as much veneration as Apollo on the bi-forked hill. "Have I not seen the pictures of Jacob Tonson, Edward Cave, James Dodlesly, and others—all great men, and editors in their day! But where, in the present instance, is the large wig, the heavy arched black eye-brow, and, above all, the critic power," thought he. A mild and penetrating eye; a meditative countenance, though, when lighted by a smile, very animated; a forehead pale and marked; manners simple, natural, and pleasingly polite, were the distinguishing traits, which a single glance was sufficient to indicate in the person in whose presence our poet, so unexpectedly, found himself.

Poor fellow! his spirits had been sadly fluttered by the misadventure in the reading room; but to be thus received by the person in whom all his expectations were concentrated, was, beyond measure, blissful. I would that I could draw a veil over the sequel, when Joy must tear her wreath, and

Hope avert her eye, and Folly wonder that her dream was vain. But why anticipate?

\* \* \* \* \*

"I think you will grant, sir," remarked the editor, "that the most important end of all poetry is to encourage virtue."

"I may safely accord you so much," returned Gaspar, gravely.

"You will also allow," said the editor, "that there is a truly virtuous pleasure connected with many pensive contemplations, which it is the excellency and province of poetry to enforce."

"It would be heresy to doubt it," cried the poet, warmly.

"I contend then, that the higher order of the poetry of the present day, by presenting suitable ideas, has discovered sweets in melancholy, which we could not find in mirth; and has led us with success to the dusty urn, when we could find no pleasure in the sparkling bowl."

"I would concede all you might ask in favor of your modern verses," replied Gaspar; "for I can scarcely allow that to be poetry, which effects so desirable a purpose. I can hardly believe so much. To me it appears, that in the most approved specimens, the sentiments arise from cool reflection, and curious speculation, rather than from present emotion. They accordingly require enlivening, by ingenious comparison—striking contrast—unexpected turns—a climax finishing in a point—and all the refinement of art, which gives to the poetry you commend, the denomination of brilliant and witty, rather than what may be strictly called natural and pathetic. It ever appears to me to spring rather from fancy, than passion; and, consequently, though it may, and does frequently, excite emotions of surprise and admiration, it rarely, if ever, produces those of sympathy or feeling."

"We speak," said the editor, "of different descriptions of poetry. The taste for the simple pastoral, as well as for the lofty heroic, has passed away."

"*Hinc illæ lacrymæ*," said Gaspar, with some bitterness; "'tis the province of the pastoral to convey, in a pleasing manner, ideas of the rural innocence and the simplicity of a country life, to those around whom all has become artificial."

"Allow me, sir," said the editor, interrupting him, and gently placing his hand on Gaspar's arm,—"'it is, also, the particular task of poetry, of a higher order, to do this likewise—but in a style as distinct from the pastoral, as a refined and judicious landlord from his uncouth tenant, in dignity. Yet a moment," he added with a smile, seeing that a hectic flush was rising on the pale cheek of the rustic bard, "let me

be fully understood; and I will listen patiently in my turn. Let us take Ossian and Theocritus as specimens of the poetry you so much admire. Mingling storms—roaring torrents—swelling oceans—lightning and thunder, paint the dreadful battle pieces of the Caledonian; while the murmuring brook—the green meadow—the bleating flocks—the simple shepherd and his artless fair, deck out the rural landscape of the Grecian.”

“And very delightful subjects they are,” exclaimed Gaspar, warmly; “I would fain learn if the saloon and drawing room can furnish subjects more appropriate. Wealth and splendor, Mr. ———, will never want their proper weight. That they, at the same time, too far preponderate, I, at least, must be allowed to believe. A description of poetry, therefore, which throws its weight into the other scale, and magnifies the sweets of liberty, and endears the delights of love and friendship, should surely be entitled to some consideration.”

“To some! certainly to much consideration,” replied his opponent; “but then the writers of pastorals, sought no occasion to vary their joys, or their complaints; and thus the only species of pleasure which they extol, is to sport with Amaryllis in the shade, or with the tangles of Nercæa’s hair; and the only sorrow which presented itself, was the grief for absent or neglected love. But the mind of man, my dear sir, cannot be confined within prescribed limits. There is an internal eye, constantly stretching its view beyond the bounds of natural vision; and something new, something more sublime, more beautiful, more excellent, is required to gratify its longing gaze. This eye of the mind is the imagination; it peoples the world with new beings; it embodies abstract ideas; it suggests unperceived resemblances; it first creates, and then presides over its creation, with absolute sway. Not less accurately and philosophically, than poetically, has Shakspeare described this faculty in the following lines—

‘The poet’s eye, in a fine frenzy rolling  
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;  
And as Imagination bodies forth  
The form of things unknown, the poet’s pen  
Turns them to shape, and gives to airy nothing  
A local habitation and a name.’”

Gaspar was delighted beyond measure with these lines,—although they could not be supposed other than entirely familiar to him,—as also with the exquisite manner in which they were recited. Nevertheless, he was, by no means, disposed to



give up the defence of his own favorite style of poetry—the pastoral. The fact was, he had been accustomed, from earliest youth, to wander through country scenes, attentive to each rural sight, and rural sound. The little valley in which his life had been passed, was a delightful retreat, and the face of the country around it, varied and beautiful. Its banks, its arbors, its precipices and cascades, were sweetly interchanged, and its flowers in spring-time, were lavish and attractive. It had been his own practice to describe what he saw and felt; and he had no need of those assemblages of pleasing objects, which are the offspring of art rather than nature. Perceiving that the courteous landlord, as well as the quiet boarders, with whom he had dined, had all modestly retired, and that he was now alone with the editor, he made known his wishes. On the present occasion—

“E’en though conquered, he’d have argued still,”

but he was now re-called from the sublimated state of feeling, to which a discussion, so congenial to his habits of thinking, had raised him, to the real object of his visit.

The inhabitants of a commercial town—and more especially those who “set at the receipt of custom,” and in all their intercourse with society, make so clear a distinction between *meum* and *tuum*, that no interchange of property takes place, without recurrence to the principle contained in the homely old adage, of “touch pot, touch penny,”—can form little idea of the extreme diffidence with which our bucolical friend Gaspar would, under any circumstances, have offered the productions of his muse, for sale. But in the present instance, his reluctance to make this offer was greatly increased by the perception, that his commodity was likely to be far less valued than he had anticipated. We must suppose, however, that the offer *was* made; that it was gracefully though graciously declined, and that for reasons which will be too obvious to require their statement. A hint was given by the friendly editor, that though the pieces submitted to his inspection, might not be suited to the periodical on which he was engaged, yet published as a volume they might win their way, upon the principle, that there are certain stars which would, if single, be hardly conspicuous, yet, when approximated, form a very splendid constellation. Gaspar’s eye brightened for a moment at this flattering suggestion; but the sequel was unfortunate. I hasten to tell it, in one word. He tried the publishers; but the Lintots of this, as of former days, were “dull rogues,” and thought his price too much.

The editor added his utmost assistance; but the prospect was not more alluring still. Becoming convinced, that the jingle of rhyme in his head, would never produce a corresponding jingle of dollars in his pocket, he gave up all thought of rivalling his multicaulis friend, and determined to return to the banks of the Gaudalquiver.

Time was, when the lover of nature, who wished to retire from the noise and nonsense of the town, might find rural seclusion as soon as freed from the dusty streets; but now, alas! the whole country is so carved, and crossed, and carbonadoed, by deep-cuts and railroads, and turnpikes, that miles must be journeyed before the poet's prayer—"o rus quando te aspiciam"—can be realized.

"Out on it," sighed Gaspar, as he threaded his way with difficulty through the perplexed and tangled mazes, which the rage for improvement had occasioned, "in what is all this to end. Well might yon editor say, the taste for pastoral poetry is past. Surely," continued he, with a bitter smile, "the fat porker of the West does not more naturally squeal at the name of *Cincinnati*, than the dryad, the humadryad, the faun, the satyr, and every sylvan deity, shudder, fade away, and die, at the appearance of an engineer. A poet's *malaison* on the whole tribe, civil and military."

The soft south winds were stealing up the valley, and flowers of balmy odor, and herbs of healing power, were exhaling their sweets, and breathing fresh life in every gale. But Gaspar Scriblerus was no longer seen, as of late, wandering amid scenes he loved so well. Spring after spring had seen him plunge amid the shadows of his native groves, attentive to every murmur of the wood, delighted at the music of every warbling rill, and every lowing vale—now listening to the distant woodman's stroke, and anon lending a pleased ear to the brawling brook. Spring, indeed, had ever been to him a season of exquisite enjoyment, and was then in all its freshness and beauty; but alas for the poet! health, that inestimable boon, prized only in its absence—health, the wealth of the beggar, and the bliss of the monarch, was no longer his. The melancholy which fixed itself on his mind, had affected his body; and lo! the strong spell of disease was thrown around him, and staid the purple tide which now flowed languidly through his veins.

It was not until summer was far advanced, that the chosen friend of Gaspar, ventured, on a peculiarly bland and balmy day, to lead him out to his favorite seat. His eye appeared to drink in, with insatiable delight, the beauties of

the landscape, as it spread in all its soft and beautiful features, before him.

"I do not wonder," he, at length, said, after a long and expressive silence, "that born and educated amongst such scenes, I should have been 'smit with the love of song.' I am a melancholy proof, however, that though every poet is an enthusiast, every enthusiast is not a poet. Nay, nay, do not interrupt me," he added, with a smile; "I am not about to harp on the old string; my ill-omened visit to B——, with all its mortifying circumstances, has long since passed from memory; but now that my laughing days are over, I could make a jest of it myself. Why, my Eugenio, why should I court wealth; I who am so sensible, that a man can no more be said to have a contented mind, because his bags are bursting with gold and silver, than a sea can be called pacific, because pearls are found in its depths, and amber on its shores. The thing hath passed from me. But shall I confess to you, that I have a secret regret? I had thought to have transmitted *one* name to posterity. Old Cowley shall tell you what I mean:

"Then shall thy name through all my verse be spread,  
Thick as the dew-drops in the meadows lie:  
And if in future times, it shall be read,  
For sure, I cannot think that it shall die."

"Well, well," he continued, "it was vain, vain as those other hopes, woven in fancy's loom, which, were ever floating in light visions, around me. 'Tis only in moments like this, my friend, when twilight is stealing across the calm brow of a sweet summer's eve, that I suffer the memory of those hours to return, when I believed these scenes would become sacred to love and to friendship. There was ecstasy in thought Eugenio: to enjoy with her I loved, the shades of this valley; with her, to walk in my native fields; with her, to sit down on the banks of my favorite stream; for her, to pluck the flower whose beauty may have attracted her attention; to lead her through these romantic scenes, which delighted the innocent enthusiasm of my childhood; and to show her these solitary retreats I sought when her friendship first taught me to sigh. Those hours are gone like a tale that is told!"

"Eugenio," said he, after a long pause, "the world, by wisdom, knows not God. The poet's rapturous descriptions, with the expression of his warmest sensations and emotions, fall infinitely short of that glowing love which I feel for Him who died that I might live."



"Do not exhaust yourself!" said his friend, in a tone of remonstrance.

"It matters little," Gaspar replied. "The grisly king is approaching, but he has no terrors for me; and I have long prayed to be taken in such an hour, and such a frame as this. I would die," said he, with a placid smile "a poet—a Christian poet. If," continued he, looking upward, "the highest models of poetry be found (and who can doubt it?) in those ascriptions of praise, which angels, and archangels, and the spirits of the just made perfect, sing around the throne of God and of the Lamb, forever, all the praise which an earthly poet can expect, must arise from a successful imitation of those examples of perfection. There is, therefore, more genuine poetry in this despised little volume,"—showing a well-worn Methodist hymn book,—"than can be found in all the classic lore of Greece and Rome. And who would not rather pass away, with these lines in his mouth, and heart, than in the enjoyment of the brightest vision of earthly felicity, which was ever poured on the fancy of the enraptured bard:

Filled with delight, my raptured soul  
Would here no longer stay;  
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,  
Fearless I'd launch away.

There o'er those high and flowery plains,  
My spirits ne'er shall tire,  
But in perpetual joyful strains,  
Redeeming love admire."

As the last word passed from his lips the hectic flush, which had for weeks burned on his cheek, faded away; his eyes began to glaze, and ere Eugenio caught him in his arms as he fell back, his spirit had departed.

---

### SONNET.

THE bird has left the bower,  
The stem that bore the short-lived flower  
Droops mournfully; the ice-king's power  
Pervades our earth's domain,  
And earth's ones crouch below the despot's reign.  
The day-god's smile gives no reviving glow,  
While the wild winds, from northern icebergs blowing,  
Marshal their chilly piles of mimic snow;  
And the cold orb of night seems colder growing—  
The stars shine palely in their world of blue,  
Like beauty's eyes when death their lights subdue;  
The waters are no more a fire-flowered grove—  
Winter invades the glittering shores above,  
And naught terrestrial is warm, but LOVE.

C. S.

## MOUNTAIN MUSINGS.

BY CHARLES WEST THOMSON.

DARKNESS and clouds have all my lot o'ercast  
Since I attained to manhood—What is life?  
What but a restless scene of care and strife—  
A stormy state swept by the raging blast  
Of man's own maddening passions? In the days  
Of early youth, when things were bright with me,  
I dwelt more in the sunshine, and could see  
Full pleasant views around, free from the haze  
That hangs about them now. Then I could gaze  
Into life's opening scenes with hopeful eye,  
Wishing that Time would haste to bring them near,  
And dreamed not that my boyhood did descry  
But fleeting visions make to disappear.  
O, then, all buoyant with hope's summer smile,  
How did I long (fond fool) to be a man—  
And busied my too sanguine heart the while,  
In forming all my bright and beauteous plan  
Of earthly happiness—a dream so fraught  
With love and loveliness, that my young heart  
Warmed itself into rapture at the view,—  
And gave the hours new wings, that might impart  
More than their wonted fleetness to pursue,  
Swift as my wish, their flight, till they should bring  
The magic time should usher in the spring  
Of the life's happiness my fancy wrought—  
For I imagined all I dreamed of bliss,  
Would surely come with manhood—Was it so?  
Alas! Experience bids me answer—No!  
I stand upon the hill top, and I kiss  
The front of the blue ether, and behold  
The stores of this most bounteous earth unrolled  
Like a green picture far beneath my feet.  
My heart bounds upward as I fondly greet  
The universal mother with a smile  
Of radiant joy; and to high heaven the while  
My song of grateful feeling I repeat,  
For the bright glories of the land and sky.  
Yes! the broad river proudly rolling by,  
The mountains lifting up their heads to heaven,  
Covered with everlasting forests, riven  
By the fierce lightning's unresisted power,  
Or by the furious whirlwind's force alone—  
The thousand stars that gem the midnight hour,  
When Dian, cinctured with her regal zone,

Walks the blue courts above—the blush of morn,  
 When Earth awakens at the hunter's horn,  
 Robed in her dewy diamonds, and the air  
 Is fresh and fragrant as in Eden's groves—  
 The gardens filled with sweets, gaudy and rare—  
 The bosky coverts where the wild deer roves—  
 The shady glens and walks among the woods,  
 And the wild romping torrents—waterfalls  
 That toss and tumble their luxuriant floods  
 Amid the silence of deep solitudes—  
 The timid bird that chants its happy song  
 From the green arbors—or the hawk that calls  
 Its harsh note from the fields of the high air—  
 The radiant noon-tide and the quiet eve,  
 When quiet creatures all their ambush leave,  
 And to the meadows and the hills repair—  
 All—all but tell one tale of power and might,  
 Of joy and beauty that would make the Earth  
 (Were it not for our nature's fearful blight,  
 Which has so marred all things of heavenly birth)  
 A scene of most surpassing excellence—  
 A scene around which there would seem to throng  
 All that could elevate or charm the sense.  
 But ah! the things of childhood's dreams are vain—  
 They come not to his wish—they flout him sore—  
 For man himself administers his pain,  
 And strives in vain his Eden to restore—  
 Its flowers are round him beautiful and gay;  
 But he from pristine joys has madly turned away.

---

 TRANSITIONS.

I've watched the hyacinthine flower  
 Unfold its beauties, day by day,  
 Whilst Spring with queenly robes and power,  
 O'er all things, bore a transient sway,  
 And sighed to think how soon its bloom,  
 Should all depart 'mid wintry-gloom!

Gay birds, that carolled on the green,  
 Whilst Nature listened with delight,  
 No more, at morn or eve, are seen;  
 All things are changed, that meet the sight—  
 The mantle Winter's hand hath wove,  
 Enfolds the garden and the grove.

Thus I have watched a maiden's cheek,  
 Where flower-like tints of beauty dwell,  
 Lose all its bloom—whilst she, as meek  
 As April flowers, a victim fell  
 To blighting death, whose snow-like shroud  
 Wear both the humble and the proud.



## KALEIDOSCOPEIA BIOGRAPHICA.

No. 2.

RICHARD PORSON, A. M.

*Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.*

BY M. TOPHAM EVANS.

ALTHOUGH it is a melancholy task to withdraw the veil from over the grave which contains the body of one, whose mighty talents and brilliant wit have astonished and delighted the age in which he lived—especially when, as in the present case, we are compelled to behold these eminent mental qualities, tarnished and clouded by the corroding touch of dissipation—such a withdrawal, nevertheless, presents an instructive and a salutary lesson, to teach mankind the lamentable fact, that talents and acquirements are no shield against the pernicious influence of debasing habits; and that the possession of wit, genius, and learning are, in themselves, no strong defence against which vice and impurity can never prevail.

Having, in the first number of this series, given a cursory notice of the life and labors of the great Bentley, it seems due to the most illustrious of his followers, Richard Porson, that he should receive at our hands, the second niche in this humble temple, sacred to the memories of eminent English scholars. Second, not as regards the possession of acquirements or erudition, does Porson stand even in relation to Bentley. Second to no man, who has ever entered the critical field, is the subject of this paper. But unto Bentley, as the acknowledged pioneer of English critics, is the first place due. The rank which Porson holds, as the first authority upon critical points of ancient literature, can never be taken away from him by the force of time, or by the achievements of future scholars. But to Bentley, as the avowed master and model of Porson, are the first honors of place to be granted. He struck out the path, which the labors of Porson widened and levelled into a broad and open road; and, so far only, claims precedence over his pupil. Porson has been acknowledged by the most captious and jealous of his contemporaries, to stand at the head of English scholars in the Greek school of literature. His works have

gained him an immortal name, through the unqualified admiration and praise bestowed upon his talents, by the scholars of all countries. He has left behind him little or nothing to reward the researches of rival critics.

Richard Porson was born at East Ruston, in Norfolk, December 25th, 1759. His father was in humble life, and filled the place of parish clerk in the village where he resided. By this worthy man were the grounds of Porson's acquirements laid out. He had instructed him in the rules of arithmetic, unassisted by the aid of book or slate, before young Porson was nine years old. Thus, being incessantly exercised in his memory, he acquired that acute and nervous power of thought and arrangement, which rendered in later years, the solution of difficult geometrical problems a comparatively easy task. From the same source he derived the rudiments of reading and writing. At nine years of age, his father sent him, with his brother Thomas, to the village school, then kept by Mr. Summers. This excellent pedagogue professed the instruction of nothing, save the usual acquirements of a village school, together with the rudiments of the Latin language; but what he professed, he performed; and under his care, Porson acquired the talent of writing a most beautiful hand. With Mr. Summers he continued three years, during which time he repeated each evening to his father, the lessons which he had learned during the day. With his brother, he was, then, translated to the care of the Rev. Mr. Hewitt, who instructed them in the classical tongues. Young Richard, by the extraordinary talents which he displayed, soon became one of the topics of conversation throughout the neighborhood; and before he had completed his fourteenth year, had attracted the attention of many of the gentlemen of the district. In 1774, through the influence of a Mr. Norris, he was sent to Eton, where the power of his intellect, the facility with which he received instruction, and the talent of evolving his attainments, in conversation, which he possessed, as well as his surprising tenacity of memory, brought him forward to the notice of the upper boys, whose tasks Porson was frequently called upon to perform. His amiability of temper was an additional claim upon their regard; and as the originator of their boyish frolics, as well as the Magnus Apollo of science at Eton, he was looked upon with the highest affection and esteem. After the death of his patron, Mr. Norris, he was enabled by the liberality of some friends, who were unwilling that his talents should be lost to the world, to remain at Eton, until he was entered of Trinity College, in the year 1777. Here, the rapidity of his progress

through every branch of college study to which he applied his mind, was so remarkable, as to arrest the attention of every competent observer. In mathematics,\* to which his reading first accidentally led him, he would have surpassed; but the hopes of a scholarship led him to direct his attention towards the classics. In this department of learning he soon acquired undisputed pre-eminence. He shortly obtained the medal, and was elected fellow in 1781. In 1783, he took his degree of Master of Arts. In 1788, he determined to relinquish his fellowship, which he, shortly afterwards, lost, by refusing to sign the Thirty-nine Articles, from which, there is no doubt, he conscientiously dissented, and by which he left himself entirely penniless, with a constitution unfit to combat with adversities and hardships, and nothing to depend upon but his acquirements. These were of such a nature as rendered them difficult of being brought into the market, and, in a pecuniary point of view, entirely unproductive to the owner. This loss of his fellowship took place in 1791. Dr. Kidd, speaking of an interview which he had with Porson, shortly after this event, relates that he remarked, with his usual good humour,—for nothing could depress him,—that he was “a gentleman living in London, without a sixpence in his pocket.” Two years after this, his friends procured him the election to the Regius Professorship of Greek, a post to which he was appointed by the unanimous vote of the seven electors. The salary which was attached to this office, was very small, being only £40 per annum; yet it was his anxious and ardent wish to render the duties of his office as active and as efficient as possible; and he resolved, if he obtained encouragement, to deliver a series of lectures upon the Greek tongue, in conjunction with other languages,—a plan which had been projected by him seven years previously. In a letter addressed by Porson to the learned Dr. Postlethwaite, then Master of Trinity, upon his election to the Professorship, he says that this treatment put him in mind of poor Jacob, who having served seven years in the hope of being rewarded with Rachel, awoke, and, behold, it was Leah. His liberal intentions, were, however, doomed to be frustrated; and the Senate, most unaccountably, refused to patronize the lectures,—looking upon the office itself as a mere sinecure,

---

\*Porson gave a singular proof of his fondness for algebra, by composing an equation in Greek, the original being comprised in one line. When resident in college, he would also amuse himself by sending to his friends scraps of Greek of a like character. The purport of one was, “Find the value of nothing.” The next time he met his friend, he addressed him with, “Well, have you succeeded in finding the value of nothing?” “Yes,” replied his friend. “What is it?” “Sixpence I gave the gyp for bringing your note,” was the rejoinder.—*Oxford and Camb. Facete.*



as which, during the time of Porson's incumbency, they were, at least, determined to preserve it.\*

Three years after this event, he married; his lady unfortunately died in 1797, and from that time the health of the Professor began, gradually, to decline. An incessant spasmodic asthma, much increased by the irregularity of his habits, and his unremitted intemperance, interrupted him in every study to which he applied his mind. His sedentary and laborious occupations, probably, contributed towards his ill state of health. On the establishment of the London Institution, he was elected principal Librarian; an office which he did not hold long, being seized in September, 1808, by an apoplectick fit combined with an intermittent fever, which, in the latter part of the same month, terminated the career of this illustrious scholar, in the forty-ninth year of his age.

Such is a brief sketch of the life of this illustrious man, whose worth is acknowledged by scholars over all Europe. Slender as are the materials which we can collect, they are not uninteresting relics, and serve for other purposes than to "point out a moral, or adorn a tale." His literary labors, towards which we will now turn our attention, commenced while he was yet an under-graduate, in 1785. His first work was the republication of Hutchinson's édition of the *Anabasis of Xenophon*, to which he added many interesting and useful notes, illustrating passages which Hutchinson had left unexplained, either through negligence, or by ignorance. These notes drew considerable attention upon his early effort. In 1790, he subjoined to the edition, a series of admirable critical notes, relating to the "*Emendationes in Suidam et Hesychium et alios Lexicographos Græcos.*" In the same year, appeared the celebrated controversial work, entitled "*Letters to Arch-deacon Travis upon the disputed passage in St. John, 5, 7,*" being in answer to a publication of the Arch-deacon. These letters fixed his fame throughout all Europe, and, among others, received a tribute of unqualified praise at the hands of Gibbon, the historian, who pronounced the letters of Porson unequalled since the days of Bentley. One of the many complimentary remarks paid to the learning of Porson, states that he has proved the reading adopted by himself, and bearing against the three heavenly witnesses, to be the reading of all the Greek MSS.

---

\*The course proposed by Porson was intended to elucidate the languages in general, and to show their relations, their differences, structure, changes, connexion, and the causes of their corruption.

in number one hundred and ten; of nearly thirty of the oldest Latin, of the two Syriac versions, of the Coptic, Arabic, Æthiopic, and Sclavonic.

In 1793, Porson published a splendid edition of Heyne's Virgil, with a short preface. He, also, has corrected the entire Eschylus, edited by Pauw, a surreptitious edition of which had issued from the press. In 1795, a beautiful edition of the seven tragedies was published by Foulis; and Schultz printed another in Germany, adding unto it the new readings of Mr. Porson, with a preface speaking in the most respectful and commendatory terms of the Professor's genius.

In 1797, appeared the Hecuba of Euripides, in 1 vol. 8vo. with notes and a copious vindication. Two other plays of the same tragedian, were subsequently published by him; and, at his death, he left the Orestes ready for publication. These tragedies are the most lasting monuments of his critical judgment and skill.

The anecdotes which are related of Porson, would fill a volume. Some few of them may, however, be no inappropriate addenda to this faint sketch of his life. But Porson has met with no biographer, whose province it might be to collate the various incidents of a life, which, to the present moment, can only be gathered from musty magazines and stale reviews. While his immortal labors survive, his name can never be lost; but the events of his existence will be left to conjecture and uncertainty. The biographer of Porson need not drag from the abyss of scandal, the misdeeds of his life; but British scholars owe to his memory, a debt of gratitude, which they should endeavor to repay, by surrounding his tomb with the hardly won laurels which are the reward of the scholar and the sage.

We have before stated, that Bentley was the acknowledged model of Porson. "When," said Porson himself, "I was seventeen, I thought I knew every thing; as soon as I was twenty-four, and had read Bentley, I found I knew nothing. *Now* I have challenged the great scholars of the age to find five faults to their one, in any work, ancient or modern; they decline it." Porson was as far removed from pedantry, as Parr was allied unto it. Bishop Blomfield bears testimony to the honorable and amiable fact, that Porson, so far from retaining the lustre of his knowledge to illumine his solitary way, delighted to impart it to young men of talent and industry, and would tell them all they desired to know, in a plain and direct manner, without attempting to exhibit the slightest marks of his superiority. He was pronounced, on many occasions, by the most eminent judges of learning, the

most profound scholar in Europe. Even Dr. Parr, that compound of oddity, when asked whom he considered the best Greek scholar in Europe; "Porson, sir," said he, "is the first; we all allow that place to him." But the Doctor insisted upon his own right to the second post of honor.

"Nothing, however, was so annoying to Porson," says one of his acquaintances, "than when a Wakefield, or a Hermann, offered to set him right, or hold their tapers to guide him on his way." He compared these gentry to "four-footed animals, guided only by instinct;" and said, "that in future he would take care they should not reach, what he wrote, with their paws, though they stood on their hind legs." Hermann having stated in his preface to the *Medea*, that "we Germans understand quantity better than the English," annoyed Porson by accusing him of being more dictatorial than explanatory in his metrical decisions. Upon this, Porson "let fly" the following epigram at him:

Νῆι δες ἰσντὲ μέτραν ὦ Τάυτονες, αὐχὸς μὲν, ὅς δ' οὐ,  
Πάντες πλην Ἑρμαννος, ὃ δ' Ἑρμαννος σφόδρα Τέυταν.\*

Porson and Parr had continual encounters of wit. Dr. Parr told the Professor one day, that with all his knowledge, he did not think him well versed in metaphysics. "Sir," replied Porson, "I suppose you mean *your* metaphysics."

On another occasion, Parr asked Porson, "What he thought of the origin of evil?" "*I see no good in it,*" answered the Professor.

Multitudes of such anecdotes, are related of Porson. Indeed, he seems like Falstaff: "men of all sorts do take a pride to gird at him." Some of these stories have an exceedingly apocryphal appearance. Such, for instance, as his parody upon the old distich:

When wine and ale are gone and spent,  
Then small beer is most excellent;

and that of his reply to the gyp, desiring to know if the Professor wished for liquor or candles, and receiving the reply, *οὐ τὸδε οὐδ' ἄλλα*—Anglice—neither toddy nor tallow; together with a multitude of such skimble skamble stuff. Even Tom Dibdin has his tale of the convivial capabilities of the Professor, and his exploits with Moorhead, the composer, at the Cider Cellar, in London.

Altogether, the character of Professor Porson is that of an amiable, kind-hearted, and inoffensive man. His vast ac-

\*Oxford and Cambridge Facete.



quirements require no pen of ours to enumerate, or to praise. In politics, he ever bore the character of an undeviating and sincere partizan of that creed, which he conscientiously believed to be true. Unlike Paley, or Bentley, hopes of advancement or preferment never induced him to

Sell his conscience or his vote.

To the end of his valuable life, he bore the character of an upright, a sincere, and an independent man,—warm in his affections—learned, without pedantry—talented, yet unassuming—suffering adversity and bearing prosperity, with that equality and cheerfulness of mind, which is the attribute of the philosopher, and the privilege of the scholar. If he had his faults, so have we all, for we cannot expect perfection in man; and while the green sod lies over that heart which once responded to the calls of friendship and of affection, with so eager a desire, and a mind so willing to serve; let us be content to allow the good which he has effected to ‘live after him, and the evil to be interred with his bones.’

Porson lies buried in the Chapel of Trinity College, next to his great model, the illustrious Bentley. His funeral rites were performed in the presence of the assembled college dignitaries, who claimed the privilege of affording an asylum to the remains of their ancient fellow, beneath that honored roof.

Should these papers continue to give the satisfaction which I trust they may, I shall, in my next number, present to the readers of the Museum, the Life and Writings of Dr. Samuel Parr.

## I CAUGHT A BIRD.

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

I CAUGHT a bird. She flitted by,  
So near my window lifted high,  
She softly ventured in, to spy  
What I might be about:  
And then a little wildered thing!  
Like many a one without a wing,  
She fluttered, struck, and seemed to sing,  
"Alas! I can't get out."

She saw her kindred on the tree  
Before her, sporting light and free;  
But felt a power she could not see,  
Repel, and hold her back.  
In vain her beak, and breast, and feet  
Against the crystal pane were beat:  
She could not break the clear deceit,  
Nor find her airy track.

The pretty wanderer then I took,  
And felt her frame with terror shook:  
She gave the sad and piteous look  
Of helplessness and fear—  
Till quick I spread my hand to show,  
I caught her but to let her go!  
And I, perhaps, may never know  
A dearer moment here.

She piped a short and sweet adieu,  
As humming on the air she threw  
Her brilliant buoyant wing, and flew  
Away from care and me.  
But, ere the hour of setting sun,  
That little, constant, grateful one,  
Returning, had her hymn begun  
In our old rustling tree.

Now, do not take the fatal aim  
My tender bird to kill or maim;  
And let the fatal shot proclaim  
Her anguish, or her fall!  
But would you know the bird I mean;  
She is the first that will be seen—  
The last—and every one between—  
She represents them all!

## ITALIAN SKETCHES.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

No. V.—TURIN.

“Embosomed by the hills, whose forms around  
Stand sentinelled with grandeur.”

ONE of the circumstances which gives the traveller rather painful assurance of his approach to the confines of Italy, is that he finds himself once more ensconced within that most comfortless of all locomotives, except the *lettiga* of Sicily,—a diligence. The straggling, untrimmed horses, and harlequin-looking postillions bobbing up and down most pitifully; the constant cracking of the whips, and the lurching and shivering of the clumsy fabric, are but the exterior graces which the vehicle boasts. At night, the roof within is not infrequently hung with baskets of provisions, countless hats and bonnets which dangle most disturbingly in the face of the sleeping passenger; and when he has, at length, lost himself in a pleasant dream, and commenced an imaginary colloquy with some fair object left at the place of his last sojourn, a sudden jolt pitches him upon his opposite neighbor, or an abrupt stoppage of the ponderous machine, rouses him to a sense of stiffened-joints, yawning ostlers, and an execrating *conducteur*. It is, however, well, that one leaving the dreamy atmosphere of the South, should be thus initiated into a more practical habit, and have the radiant mists of imagination dissipated from his brain. The diligence is an excellent preparatory symbol of the more utilitarian regions and prosaic localities, towards which his pilgrimage tends. From the corner of one of these miniature arks—despite the grumbling of an old lady by my side, the nap of whose lap-dog I disturbed, and the angry chattering of a parrot, whose pendant cage was vibrating overhead—I succeeded, one afternoon, in withdrawing myself sufficiently to look from the window over the surrounding fields. They presented a broad level plain, covered with fresh green grain, which a band of women, whose heads were enveloped in red cotton handkerchiefs, were assiduously reaping. The air was still, and the sky cloudy. A few trees, chiefly small poplars and mulberries, rose here and there along the road. And yet, meagre as was the natural scenery, it was a spot abounding



in interest. Thirty-eight years before, it was the arena where contending armies battled for the possession of Italy, and men were mown down as the grain, then waving over their graves, fell beneath the sickles of the reapers. It was the plain of Marengo. Near yonder plantation of vines, Desaix took up his position. Across these fields the French line stretched imposingly away. And when the Austrians were so incautiously pursuing their success, it was in the midst of this now deserted level that Napoleon met his brave ally, who, rushing forward at his bidding, met, almost immediately, his death. It was hence, too, that the brave Melas, then more than eighty years of age, considering the day won, and overcome with fatigue, retired to Alexandria, only to hear in a few hours, of his army's defeat. After this celebrated battle, Turin became the metropolis of the French department of the Po, and fourteen years after was restored to Sardinia. It is not surprising that the young mind of Alfieri was greatly impressed on entering this city. Its broad, clean streets radiating from a common centre; its airy arcades forming, like the *passages* of the French metropolis, most agreeable promenades, and its cheerful aspect, may well captivate a stranger's eye. One scarcely realizes, at Turin, that he is within the precincts of an Italian city. There is a modern look about the buildings, an elegance in the shops and *cafés*, and altogether an air of life and gayety, which brings Paris forcibly to mind. Indeed, the proximity of this Capital to France, neutralizes, in no small degree, its Ausonian characteristics. The language is a mixture of French and Italian; and Goldoni found the taste here so strong for the French stage, that, during his visit to Turin, he composed his comedy of *Moliere*, to avail himself of the attraction of that author's name. There are few finer public squares in Europe than the Piazza del Castello, and no more beautiful prospect of its kind than that from the church of La Superga, where the bones of the Sardinian kings repose. The small number of paupers, and the frequent instances of manly beauty among the military officers, are peculiarly striking here. Sometimes, beneath the porches, a procession of nuns, poorly but neatly clad, is encountered with garlands and tapers, headed by a fat priest chanting the burial service. The neighborhood of the Alps is disagreeably indicated by the number of women seen in the streets with *goitres*. They come, for the most part, from the base of Mt. Cenis and Lusa, where this disease is very common, and attributed to the chill the throat constantly receives from the extreme coldness of the water. Turin is the coldest city in Italy.

The circumadjacent mountains are scarcely ever entirely free from snow. As one looks upon them, frequently surmounted by variegated clouds, or, in dull weather, bathed with the yellow gleam of the struggling sunbeams playing on their white scalps, with here and there a dark streak where they have melted away, the appropriateness of the name of this section of Italy becomes more apparent—*pie di monte*—foot of the mountains.

I found an unusual number of priests reading in the University library, and not a few peasants seated at the reading desks—a note-worthy and pleasant circumstance. It is interesting, when wandering about the precincts of this institution, to remember that it was the scene of that mis-education, of which Alfieri has drawn so vivid a picture in his autobiography. It was here that so many of his young days were wasted in wearisome sickness; where he was bribed or threatened into labors for his stupid but powerful school-mate; where he looked so long upon the adjacent theatre, which he was only allowed to enter five or six times a year, during carnival; and where he suffered so long from the tyranny of a capricious and pampered *valet*. In Turin, the stern tragedian first knew the sweet delights of poetry in his stolen and secret communion with Ariosto and Metastasio. Here he laid the foundation of those dissipated habits which, at the age of forty, he had the rare moral courage to vanquish—suddenly vaulting from the low level of a life of pleasure, to the most earnest and elevated career that genius and industry ever achieved. Here, too, his ardent soul first experienced the delicious excitements of music, horsemanship, and love—those inspiring resources of his after years.

The exhibition of the stranger's passport at Turin, is sufficient to introduce him to the Royal Gallery. It is interesting chiefly for its specimens of the Vandyck school—those expressive portraits which have so long formed the studies of artists, and ever charmed that large class of the curious who delight in observing the "human face divine." There is one of Carlo Dolce's most characteristic Madonnas, full of the mildness, soft coloring, and timid execution which belong to his heads. That class of woman's admirers, who would fain make the standard of her attractiveness proportionate to the absence of any strong traits, should collect the female faces portrayed by this artist. A short time spent in contemplating such an array, would convince them of the absolute necessity of elevating their ideal of the sex, if they would have the spell of their graces perpetuated. But the picture which chains the attention in this gallery is one of

Murillo's master-pieces. Some of the biographers of the Spanish limner, seem to lament that his purpose of visiting Italy was never fulfilled. It would certainly be a cause of just regret, if the obscurity of his lot had doomed him for life, to paint nothing but banners for exportation, and fruit pieces for immediate sale; but since scope was given to his genius at the Escorial, and it was encouraged to a free and happy development at home, we cannot but deem it a happy destiny that prevented him from ever leaving his native country. There is no little error in the prevalent notion, that a true painter, so constituted by nature, is necessarily to improve by a visit to Italy. On the contrary, numerous instances might be cited, where such a course has been fatal to the individuality of the artist's style. His real force is thereby often sacrificed to a false manner. Servile imitation not unfrequently supersedes originality. He ponders the works of the old masters too often, only to adopt certain of their peculiarities, instead of being quickened to put forth what is characteristic in himself. Such has, in many cases, been the result with regard to young votaries of art among us, who after giving certain proofs of talent, have gone abroad only to bring home an improved taste, perhaps, but not seldom a far inferior execution. Murillo was a genuine child of nature. He painted, as Goldsmith wrote, from individual inspiration. Who laments that his style is not so elevated as that of Raphael, nor so graceful as that of Corregio? If it were the one or the other or both, he would not be Murillo. What we love in him, is his singular truth to nature—so fresh and vivid in expression—such a unity of coloring, such a semblance of life! When one stands before his Mother and Child, in the Palace at Florence, does it require much imagination, momentarily, to fancy that the infant is springing from the bosom of its mother into our arms? There is an almost perceptible motion in its posture, and a look of recognition in its eyes, that haunts one at every step. How often does the traveller in Italy—he who is wedded to that inexpressible charm in life, society and art, which we call *nature*—lament the paucity of Murillo's paintings! How often does he catch himself sighing for a journey into Spain that he may behold more of them! The picture of which Turin boasts, represents Homer with the laurel wreath straggling round his head, as an *improvvisatore*, and an amanuensis recording his song. The bard appears like a fresh portrait of one of those blind old men so often seen in southern Europe. The singular blandness of such countenances, who has not noted? They wear a pensive, but peaceful expression, as if



sweet thoughts were cheering their darkness. The light of poetry hovers round the brow. We feel that although bereft of vision, the bard *sees*. The deep things of life are unveiled to his inward gaze. And, then, how plainly the other figure listens! We soon cease to lament the blindness of the minstrel, in regretting that he is dumb.

A son of Carlo Botta, the historian, follows the profession of an engraver in this capital. It is but recently that his justly renowned parent died in poverty at Paris. Five hundred copies of his works, in sheets, were given, as the only recompense in his power to afford, to the physicians who attended his wife in her last illness. This adds one more to the countless anecdotes illustrative of the melancholy lot of authors. But in this instance, the high merit and estimable qualities of the individual, enhance the pain with which every feeling mind must contemplate his fate. It would be a pleasing thought if we, the people of a free and prosperous land, had contributed to the comfort of one in his declining years, who, when in the full vigor of his intellect, devoted himself, most enthusiastically, to recording the history of our Revolution. The details of the war of independence are chiefly known on the continent through the history of Botta. No single work has served so effectually to establish the fame of that glorious event in the minds of Italians. One of the first questions they ask a comer from the New World is, if he has read *La Guerra Americana* by Carlo Botta? The work is a beautiful monument of the sympathy of one of the gifted of that nation in the cause of freedom; and happy would it have been, had our government added to the honorary title of citizen, the means of smoothing the venerable historian's passage to the grave. Another of his sons is travelling in Arabia, for the Jardin des Plantes. The father's last literary effort was a translation of a voyage round the world by an American captain, of whom this son was a companion. The latter is about publishing it, and the proceeds, with the honorable name he boasts, will constitute his paternal heritage.

I could not leave Turin, without seeing the author of *Le Mie Prigioni*. That beautiful and affecting record of human suffering has spread the name of Sylvio Pellico over the civilized world. The despots of Europe have endeavored in vain to prevent its entrance into their territories; being well aware, that no harsh invectives against tyranny—no panegyrics in praise of free institutions, however eloquent and insidious, possess a tithe of the power to arouse men to a sense of their rights, which lives in such a calm and simple

narrative of one of the victims of their cruelty. How many honest bosoms have glowed with indignation at the picture this amiable and gifted Italian has painted of his tortures under the leads of a Venetian prison, and amid the cold walls of the Spielberg fortress! How many have admired the resources of intellect, philosophy, and affection, by which the unfortunate prisoner made even captivity captive! His correspondence with his fellow sufferer; his league of amity with his keepers; his readings, poems, and reveries—how do they shed a halo of moral brightness around the gloom of his dungeon! His hope deferred, his agonizing suspense, and, at length, his liberation and happy return to the bosom of his family—all related with so much truthfulness and feeling,—what an interest have they excited in behalf of the innocent object of such cruel persecution! Sharing this sentiment, I was not a little disappointed to find that Pellico was absent from the group of Piedmontese *literati*, who convene every evening at one of the *cafés*. An *abbé*, his friend, informed me, that the illness of his father confined Sylvio almost constantly at home. Every one remembers the deep affection with which he always alludes to his parents. I found that the strength of this sentiment was not exaggerated in his memoirs. His father was rapidly declining with age, and the son only left his bed-side for a few moments to breathe the fresh air. At one of these intervals, I paid him a visit. Pellico is now about thirty-eight years of age, small in stature, and wears glasses. His complexion is deadly pale—blanched by the blighting shadow of a dungeon. His brow is broad and high, and his expression serious and thoughtful. He was courteous and affable, spoke with deep emotion of his father, and seemed much gratified at the interest his work had excited in America. Notwithstanding the immense number of copies of *Le Mie Prigioni* which have been sold on the continent, and that it has been translated into all languages, the author has derived no pecuniary benefit, except the two thousand francs he received from the original publisher at Turin. He is at present patronized by a rich and liberal Marchesa, who has made him her librarian. He dines almost daily at her table, but resides with his parents. This is the only society he sees. It must be confessed, that the sufferings of Pellico have, in no small measure, subdued his early enthusiasm. Some of the young advocates of liberal principles, in Italy, profess no little disappointment, that one who was so near becoming a martyr to their cause should have turned *devotee*. They are displeased, that Pellico should now only employ his pen

upon Catholic hymns and religious odes. Such animadvertisers seem not to consider the extent and severity of the trials to which the mind of the author has been exposed. They appear, too, to lose sight of the peril of his situation. It is only by retirement and quiet, that he can hope to enjoy in peace, the privilege of watching over and consoling the last years of his parents. Jealous eyes are ever upon him. Few are the spirits which would not be unnerved from their native buoyancy, by such a tragic experience as he has known; few the hearts that would not, at the close of such sufferings, fall back upon themselves, and cherish serenity as the great boon of existence. When I bade Pellico farewell, received his kindly-uttered *buon viaggio*, and followed his retreating figure as he went to resume his station by his father's bed-side, I could not but feel that the tyranny of Austria had not yet exhausted itself upon his nature—that his spirit had not wholly rebounded from the repression of despotism; but I felt, too, that he had nobly endured enough to deserve universal sympathy, and be wholly justified in applying to himself the sentiment of Milton: "They serve who only stand and wait."

---

## SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"WHAT gives the mind, its innate powers to scan,  
And chains brute instinct at the feet of man,  
Bids the red comet on its car of flame,  
Reveal its periods, and declare its name;  
With deathless radiance gilds the historic page,  
And reaps the laurels of a buried age?"  
Majestic Science, from his cloistered shrine,  
Heard, and replied, "This god-like power is mine!"  
"Canst thou," I cried, "the erring spirit lead,  
That feels its weakness, and deplores its need;  
Canst thou the prison of despair illumine,  
Find sin a pardon, or disarm the tomb?"  
With silent scorn, the earnest words he spurned,  
And to his ponderous tomes indignant turned,—  
Then, from the cell, where long she dwelt apart—  
Her humble mansion in the contrite heart,—  
Religion came,—and where proud Science failed,  
She bent her knee to earth, and with her sire prevailed.



## BOAT SONG.

BY LIEUT. ARTHUR T. LEE.

LET us rest on our oars,—the sky is bright,  
The waves are hushed,—and our hearts are light;  
Let us rest on our oars, and be happy, while  
We float by the shore of our own bright isle,  
And merrily sing our evening song  
To the silent woods as we glide along.

'Tis day-light yet—see, the sun still shines  
On the verdant tops of the island pines,—  
Then why should we toil—we have nought to fear;  
For the stream is swift, and our homes are near,  
Where the light on the hearth is blazing red,  
And our evening cheer on the board is spread.

The monarch sits on his lordly throne,  
And deems the earth and its joys his own;  
But happier (though he wears a crown,)  
Are we on our oars when the sun goes down,  
And our hymn of praise to the evening star,  
On the silent shore, is heard afar.

Though heavy the toil that morning brings,  
We chide not day for its tardy wings;  
We love the breeze as it hurries past,  
And lifts our locks, as our lines we cast;  
We love the sound of the glancing oar,  
And the dancing waves, as they leap to shore.

Beneath the cliffs—from the noon-tide sun,  
When half our daily toil is done—  
We row our boats, and we anchor fast,  
And lightly jest o'er our sweet repast;  
And not a grief on the heart intrudes,  
As our loud laugh rings through the waving woods.

See! through the hemlock a dancing light!  
There is joy in the boatman's hut to night!  
Dost thou hear that laugh of lightsome glee?  
It rings through the green-wood merrily;  
Now ply the oar, and stir the foam,  
For the light on shore is the boatman's home!

*Northern Frontier, N. Y.*

## COUNT OTTO OF HARPSBURG:

A ROMANCE OF THE RHINE.

BY M. TOPHAM EVANS.

ON the banks of the noble river Rhine, not far from the district known as the Drachenfels, stood the ancient castle of Harpsburg. A more romantic or more beautiful spot was rarely seen than the views on the German bank of the father of rivers, where the old Saxon arch-way of the keep, reared itself above the waters, seeming to retire within the deep shades of the forest in its rear. In the distance, lovely vineyards, clothed in the most beautiful verdure, smiled gayly upon the purple flood of the river, whilst an occasional distant turret, or tall spire, marked some military post or village chapel.

The castle of Harpsburg was one of the oldest specimens of Saxon architecture upon the Rhine. It had withstood the assaults of enemies and the ravages of time for many centuries; had witnessed the prosperity and adversity of the house whose name it had borne; had alternately contained within itself, the joyous banquet and the gay tournament, the dark troops of predatory soldiers and the dreaded revels of robber-bands of lawless and desperate men. Few families had experienced greater vicissitudes than the house of Harpsburg; and the old castle bore equal marks of the acknowledged bravery and honors of the most illustrious warriors of the race, and of the dark and bloody cruelties of those of its possessors, who had imbibed the full spirit of the bandit-nobles of ancient days.

But time and calamity had, of late years, dealt hardly with the noble blood of the counts of Harpsburg. Accidents and poverty had overwhelmed the father of Count Otto, the legend of whose fate we intend to commemorate. Otto himself had all the fierce and unquiet disposition of the dark nobles of his ancestry, and the blood that coursed through his veins, held none of the German phlegm, but flowed a torrent of living fire. From his earliest years, accustomed to the narrations of the ancient domestics of his house, concerning the high rank and lofty demeanor of old Count Hildebrand, the pride of the race of Harpsburg; the power

and the deeds of the Black Rider of the Rhine, another of his ancestral worthies, who was generally supposed to have had dealings with the devil; and the wealth and grandeur of the long and illustrious line whose name he bore,—it could hardly be supposed, that Otto viewed the dismantled state of his castle, the penury of his father, or the general symptoms of utter extinction which threatened his race, with any degree of patience or resignation. Despite the representations of his parents, who, having a laudable zeal for the young Count's welfare, as being the only child upon whom depended the continuation of the ancient line, and who would have had him enter the service of the Emperor, then about to declare war with the Ottoman power, young Otto would roam gloomily among the decaying arches and damp corridors of the castle; or would gaze vacantly for hours upon the portraits of his great ancestors, which hung in the picture gallery; their banners, armor, and weapons being deposited beneath each venerable figure.

Vainly did the father represent to Otto, that it was a dishonorable action in any member of the house of Harpsburg, to refuse to enter upon the service of their lord, the Emperor. Otto still maintained his sullen demeanor, and pursued the same gloomy course of life, wandering sadly among the old family pictures, and gazing upon the iron-bound form of the Black Rider, as though he expected to see the old warrior step from the walls, and again shout his war-cry, and brandish his lance.

Poverty and infirmity—neither of them the most agreeable companions in the world—added to the bitterness of temper engendered within the old count, by this refusal on the part of Otto to join the imperial army. So, one bright autumn morning, he spoke his mind upon the subject very plainly—interspersing his part of the dialogue with as many *duyvels* and *verdammts* as were suitable to an old soldier, who had fought with the Emmeric Tekeli—when discovering in the person of his only son, no inclination for glorious war. Otto listened with gloomy respect; made a few random and vague replies, and, suddenly rising from his seat, hastened to enjoy the unsocial company of his own ruminations and his defunct ancestry.

He stood in the old tapestried hall, which contained the relics of his warlike forefathers. The hall was built in an ancient style of Saxon architecture, with a high, gloomy, oaken roof, and abundance of deep recesses and dark panels. The large bow window, which was the only admittance by which the light penetrated into the room, was thrown open



in order to admit the air; and the black and seemingly interminable pine forests, that stretched away towards the western part of the hilly tract, lay before him in their dreary extent. The portrait of the Black Rider of the Rhine, occupied one of the darkest recesses of the hall; and before this picture did Otto most frequently take his stand, when occupied with his musings. The portrait itself was a harsh and dry old painting, representing a tall figure, clothed in complete steel armor, and mounted upon a jet black steed. In the rear ground, some attempt at the delineation of a battle had been made; but the damp and the rats had managed to consume the greater portion of it. But the face of the Black Rider himself, had been preserved almost uninjured from the causes which had operated so unfavorably upon the pictured forms of his followers. It was that of a stern old German warrior, with a peculiarly sinister cast of countenance, the mouth and chin being adorned with large grizzled mustachios and a wiry grey beard. The eyes were almost miraculously figured. Full, black as the raven's wing, and deeply set in the head, they appeared to glow like living coals. The hair hung in long, loose, and neglected masses from below the helmet, which was decorated with a scarlet plume. The tout ensemble of the figure, certainly savored somewhat of the unearthly; and if the character of the old knight might have been estimated by the rules of Lavater, the probability would have been, that his virtues would be the least things spoken of concerning him.

Otto wandered through the gallery, and occasionally stopping to gaze either upon the old knight, or out of the window, in deep soliloquy, he remained there till long after the rusty bell of the keep, had signified the dinner-hour, and until the shades of evening were gathering fast around the hall. What his thoughts turned upon, we may readily conceive. His brow was deeply knit, and curses broke from his lips, as he paced more rapidly the flags. Suddenly he stopped before the portrait of his ancestor, and his overfraught and laboring breast found some vent in the utterance of the words, which had been so long confined, as in a volcano, within his soul.

"Curses on the house which neglects the good of its descendants! Curses lie upon the head of him, who by his evil and bloody practices, lays the foundation for the ruin of his family!—Curses lie upon the head of all such! By heaven, were yon old portrait endued with life, I would ask of my princely ancestor, as the most precious boon with which he could endow me, the dark knowledge by which 'tis said he could rule even the realms of the fiend. Body and soul would I

part with to obtain it! If but ten years of life and health were granted—then might soul, aye—and this wretched clay which now encloses, in its despised grasp, that lofty essence—be the property of the being who would claim it.”

As Otto spoke, the clouds which had been lowering during the afternoon, began to gather round the old castle, whirling through the atmosphere as though impelled by some supernatural power. The trees groaned and creaked as their branches bent with the force of the rising wind. The waters of the Rhine assumed a deep lead color, upon the surface of which the white foam of the waves was hurried along. Birds fled for safety to the forest. All nature seemed to feel and to quail before the coming fury of the storm. The large wings of the bow window, banged and crashed together with a deafening sound, and the dusty folds of the old banners flapped heavily against the wall. Still Otto heeded it not—his eyes were fixed upon the portrait—his words demanded succor from his ancestor. Suddenly the storm commenced in its fury. The rain poured down in torrents—the Rhine rose in its might, and lashed the shore with its waves. A sudden flash of brilliant light illuminated the hall, followed by a terrific peal of thunder. The portrait moved. The war steed stepped proudly from its panel; and the mailed form of the Black Rider of the Rhine sat before his descendant, with his lance in hand, and his eyes beaming with an unearthly light, which seemed to glow from beneath the deep caverns formed by his brows. Otto stood transfixed before him. The Rider spoke—

“Thou hast called upon the Rider of the Rhine. What would'st thou?”

“I am a descendant of thy race,” replied Otto; “the only son of my father, and the last count of Harpsburg. Thy family—”

“I own no kindred with aught of human blood, young man. But thine eye is as bright, and thy courage as high, as was mine in the flood-tide of youth. Ask of me what thou would'st demand. The Black Rider will aid and teach thee.”

“I would crave, then, noble warrior,” said Otto, and knelt before him, “a knowledge of thine art. Poverty and distress have worn away the greatness of our line. Our imperial master is in need of soldiers to march against the Ottomite. Judge whether, in my present circumstances, I could appear before my liege, as the descendant of thy house should show himself.”

“I have nought to do with that,” said the spirit, and he sighed heavily; “I can neither warn nor discourage thee

Thou requirest a knowledge of mine art, and that can I give thee. Hast thou firmness of nerve to withstand the trial?"

"I have."

"I will seek thee, then, at the hour of midnight."

"It is well."

The spectre wheeled his sable horse, and as he turned, he cast a look of sorrow towards the youth. Darkness succeeded, and Otto was left alone. As he quitted the hall, he gave a sidelong look at the portrait. It had resumed its original appearance; and as a ray of the moon broke through the dark masses of cloud, it seemed more calm and quiescent to the eyes of Otto, than it had ever looked before.

The hours rolled tediously on. On taking his seat at the table, it was remarked that Otto was unusually pale, and that his manner seemed uncertain and anxious. On being asked the cause of his perturbation, he complained of being slightly indisposed, and retired at an early hour.

The castle clock had boomed the last stroke of eleven, and the echoes had not yet subsided among the hills, when Otto rose anxiously from his sleepless couch, and threw open his window, which looked in the same direction as that of the picture gallery. The storm had entirely subsided, with the exception of a few distant peals of thunder, and gleams of lightning faintly emanating from the horizon, as the dark tempest-clouds rolled down the valley of the Rhine. The moon shone solemnly upon the dark buttresses and bastions of the old castle, obscured only by some fleeting vapors which occasionally passed over her disk and dimmed the light. The dark forest, lying in deep contrast with the lighter and more cultivated part of the scene, and the waves of the Rhine, as they rolled along, washing the foot of the castle in their turbid passage, completed the view from the window of Otto. As he hurriedly replaced the few articles of clothing which he had thrown off, before lying down, a hollow voice, near his ear, addressed him:—

"He that wishes either good or evil, to himself or to others, should speed him well. The key of the demon-world is not to be lightly wrested from their grasp. If Count Otto of Harpsburg would imitate his ancestor, let him onward, for danger lies in delay."

"I am ready," said the young Count," not without some touch of fear.

"And resolute?" inquired the voice.

"And resolute!"

"You will need to be so. Follow."



A rose-colored flame crawled slowly from the ceiling, and fastened on the wainscoat.

"Follow yon flame," said the voice, "and luck go with the brave baron of Harpsburg."

"Follow, follow," repeated a number of voices. The flame moved onwards steadily; and as Otto, his sword drawn, followed in the track, a low and malicious laugh died away on the breeze.

Otto followed the flame through the passages and corridors of the old castle, until he had reached the chapel, and stood before the vault of the family. The clock struck twelve. The flame disappeared, and the iron doors of the vault, flying open with a loud crash, discovered the Black Rider of the Rhine.

"So, it is well," said the spectre gloomily. "Son of Harpsburg, call up thy courage, for thou shalt want it all. If thou hast aught of fear that thou canst not be firm and resolute, retire while yet there is time. The magic art of the Black Rider can be only won through peril."

Otto repeated his resolve.

"Mount, then," said the spectre-horseman, as he led his snorting beast into the chapel. Otto saw with horror, that the eyes of both horse and rider, glowed with the same unnatural flame, and that the nostrils of the former, emitted a sulphureous vapor. He withdrew his foot from the stirrup.

"What?" said the Black Rider, gloomily; "thou art not yet the man to ride with the dead. But up with thee, in the devil's name—he fares ill, that trifles with the prince of the East."

The horse snorted loudly, and pawed the ground impatiently. The Black Rider threw Otto before him into the saddle, and the steed galloped wildly through the chapel, and rushed with his burthen into the deepest recesses of the forest.

The hills of Erzgeberg, or the Metallic Mountains, as they are generally known, rise near the Fichtelberg chain, between Bohemia and Saxony. The scenery is here of the most savage and desolate nature. Encompassed by forests of pine, occasionally traversed by a steep ravine, or a small torrent, coursing between high precipices, large masses of shapeless granite impede the course of the passenger, while, occasionally, the gigantic roots of the trees, unable to penetrate the hard soil, lie contorted and twisted over the grey rocks, like some immense serpents, or strange and monstrous *lusi naturæ*. In the wildest part of this dreary desert, stood a ruined chapel, which had once been the dwelling of a

pretended hermit, whose crimes and impiety had drawn down upon his head the divine vengeance. The walls had fallen down in many places—ivy and other creeping plants had encircled the damp and sodden ruins—and a broken altar stood in the centre of the edifice. The moon shone clearly upon the scene, displaying every object in her light, as the spectral steed, bearing Otto and the Black Rider, sprang into the chapel.

The spectre horseman alighted from his steed, and assisted Otto von Harpsburg to the ground. Then beckoning him to follow, he led the way to the broken altar.

"Hast thou aught that savors of the mass-book, or the priest, about thee?" asked the Black Rider.

"I have nothing but a small gold cross of my mother's" replied Otto.

"I thought some such mummery had encumbered thee," said the spectre; "but away, throw it into the depths of yon well—nay draw it not forth before me—take it away thyself."

Otto obeyed; and threw the cross into an old cistern which stood by the chapel. The Black Rider divested himself of his helmet and gloves, and threw over his shoulders a black mantle, embroidered with silver hieroglyphics. He then bound a similar girdle round his middle, and drew, with the point of his long sword, a circle round the altar.

"Quick," said he to Otto, "into the circle, for demons of mischief are hovering near thee."

Otto sprang into the circle. Immediately a broad ball of fire fell through the roof of the chapel, which expanded as it fell into a wide ring of flame, and encompassed the circle, causing the ruin to be brightly illuminated. At the same moment, a hand which enclosed a small chased silver vase, with the same strange hieroglyphics upon its rim, rose from the altar, and, having deposited the vase there, descended. Two or three owls and bats, disturbed by the light, brushed across the circle, and one of them, striking the spectre in its flight, fell dead. The spectre commanded Otto to light a fire upon the altar, which he did, finding every thing necessary for the purpose, within the circle.

"Now then, Count Otto," said the Black Rider, "stand fast—move not—speak not—for those are winging hither, who have small love for mortal reptiles. If thou mov'st without this circle, or utterest the slightest cry, thou art sped. Think of nought that is holy, for if thou dost, thy doom is pronounced. Be wise and be silent."

The Black Rider advanced to the altar, and from a box which he drew from beneath his robes, deposited certain

drugs within the silver vase. Light vapory clouds began to pass again across the moon, and the various birds and reptiles, alarmed by the smoke of the drugs, crawled out and freed themselves from sleep. A distant bell tolled one. The hermit of the chapel, whose grave was immediately at the door, was seen by Otto, to burst his cerements, and come forth. He advanced into the chapel, and glided restlessly around the circle, with strange gesticulations. The Black Rider commenced his incantations as follows:

Fiends of mischief! hither fly!  
Dire destruction! stern despair!  
Guilt and crime and infamy  
Hasten hither from your lair.  
Demons! hark! the midnight hour  
From yon iron bell hath tolled—  
Fiends of darkness, by your power,  
Ere the dawn he's bought and sold.  
By the word, which deepest hell  
Shrinks to hearken, haste ye well;  
By the blood drops and the woe  
Which behind your track do go;  
By that seven-fold charm of might—  
You that in your wrath unite,  
Hither, hither, in your pride,  
On the winged whirlwind ride.

As the Black Rider pronounced these verses, the drugs began to give forth a dense smoke from the vase. The wind commenced to rise gradually, until it blew a perfect hurricane. The stars shot from their spheres, and blood-red meteors glanced through the air. Suddenly, shouts of wild and demoniac laughter—curses, and strange exclamations—the clang of arms, and tumultuous outcries, burst forth from every part of the forest. The spectre of the hermit seated itself upon a large mass of granite, which instantly changed its form into a dragon. Suddenly, fierce eyes and spectral countenances gleamed through the thick air, around the circle; and two armed knights, one in red, and the other in black armor, stood before Otto. The altar sank through the ground, and where it had disappeared, a fiery throne ascended, upon which a young man, clothed in imperial robes, with a crown of fire upon his head, and an expression of the most profound pain combined with the most intense malignity, upon his handsome but faded visage, sat, holding a fiery sceptre. The Black Rider prostrated himself to the earth.



"What would ye, spirit of Rodolph, with your prince? For two hundred years has thy disembodied soul roamed this earth, and two hundred victims have fed my sacrificial fires. Speak: what would ye?"

"Mighty monarch of the East," answered the Black Rider, "I bring unto you a youth, desirous of possessing the ring of the silver mountain, which sways the subtlest spirits. He hath conformed unto the trial, and expects the reward."

"Knows he the magic secret of the ring?"

"He does not."

"It is well. Bring me the ring of the silver mountain," said the monarch of the spirits.

The air resounded with the rustling of wings, and the laughter of the demons. Otto advanced to the throne of fire.

"Thou art mine," said the monarch. "Take thou this ring. Unlimited power over my choicest realms shalt thou possess, for twelve years. But, mark me, body and soul are at my disposal. If once thou bendest to aught of priestly cheats, to the cross, or to the altar, thou perishest! Away! Thou art mine!"

The spirit monarch touched Otto on the forehead. He sank to the earth—the fiends disappeared—the circle fell to pieces, and the Black Rider, remounting his magic steed and placing Otto before him, returned to the vault of the castle.

When Otto awoke in the morning, he found himself lying in the chapel. He rubbed his eyes, and doubted whether he had not been dreaming. The chapel vault was closed; the doors shut to; but upon his finger he found a large steel ring, engraved with strange characters. He ran to the picture gallery; but the Black Rider of the Rhine and his steed were fixed again into the panels, stiff and immovable as ever. He went into his chamber. All was as he had left it. Otto descended into the hall of the castle, and met with Father Swylhausen, the chaplain of the place, not because it was a profitable or comfortable cure, but more from old associations than otherwise. He was about to bend, as usual, for the benediction of the priest, but the ring pressed his finger painfully, and a malicious voice swept along the breeze:

"Hast thou forgotten my terms already?"

Otto started;—there was no one in the hall but the priest and himself. He gazed fearfully at the door, and recognized in a passing figure, the demon whom he had seen on the previous night. Otto fell to the earth.

When he recovered, the venerable chaplain was bending over his body, and the hall was filled with anxious domestics. He again excused himself upon the plea of indisposition, and

snatching up his harquebus, went forth into the forest. Here he calmly reasoned with himself upon the events of the preceding night; but found no cause for self-congratulation. He endeavored to amuse himself with his gun; but it seemed spell-bound, and whether he exerted himself or not, the game fell before him in numbers. Being something fatigued with walking, he threw himself down upon the grass by the fountain where he had last met Bertha, a lovely and simple cottage maiden, whose love even the proud Otto would fain have possessed.

"I would," said the Count, "that I could rid myself of this feeling. Certainly, I have obtained what I have sought. Riches, love, rank, all are laid before me; yet still I feel wrong and doubtful. Can the soul, which I have promised, become the property of the dreadful being from whom I have received this fearful gift? Away! I cannot—will not—believe it."

"Thou wilt know it ere long," said a voice which struck fearfully upon Otto's ear. "Thou wilt know it ere long."

Otto turned in order to see the speaker, when, to his surprise, he found the Black Rider of the Rhine standing by him, his horse being tied to a bough.

"Thou hast deceived thyself bitterly, if thou thinkest to escape thy impending doom. But take heart; what, man, thou hast the ring of Gyges—can'st not avail thyself of it? Hast no regard for thy director?"

"Torturing fiend," cried Otto, "art thou come to torment me ere the time? But what art thou?"

"I am the Black Rider in appearance, truly; but thy attendant. Nay, man, never droop, I am not apt to leave my friends so soon. I am a subject of Lucifer, the prince of the eastern star."

"Hast thou no mercy? Away and leave me."

"I never leave my master," replied the fiend. "But art thou he who would have given body and soul for the power of the Rider? Is there not glory—wealth—honor—beauty?"

"True, true," cried Otto, "I am not miserable as yet—slave! I command thee by the power of this ring—away—away, to Bertha!"

The Black Rider laughed scornfully.

"Beauty far richer than Bertha's can I shew thee. Thou shalt hence to the camp of the Emperor. The reward of valor shall be thine. Crowns shall glitter at thy feet. Thou shalt bathe in joy—"

"Away, slave, first to Bertha!" cried Otto, impatiently.

"Agreed," said the demon; "to Bertha first. 'Tis but one sin more upon thy head. To Bertha! aye, roll in luxury;

see others pine unmoved; clasp all that is bright on earth to thyself; thine is the power of a greater than fiend; but 'tis but short—some twelve—”

The words of the demon were lost in the clatter of the hoofs of the magic steed, as he bore Otto and his rider through the wood to Bertha.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

---

## MOUNTAIN SERENADE.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS.

WANDER, O wander here!  
Fair maid, for sweet's the fountain  
Trickling down, forever dear,  
From yon purple mountain.  
Fly, while day is high,  
Joys will here delight thee;  
Lovely is the rock and sky  
Where I now invite thee.

Leave, O leave the crowd!  
Whose unchanging measure  
Of the simple, slavish, proud,  
Hath no touch of pleasure.  
Fly, where life will spring,  
With rosy lip to meet thee;  
And where Love will bring  
His sweetest song to greet thee.

Not a cloud is there,  
In the morning's splendor,  
And the sky still fair,  
Makes each evening tender.  
There the song that greets  
Your lingering ear at even,  
Morning still repeats  
As she springs from heaven.

Sweetest of all, O fly!  
Where still-laughing hours,  
Shine along a soft blue sky,  
Over beds of flowers.  
There thy lip shall glow,  
There thine eye shall glisten,  
Love forever glad to vow,  
Beauty glad to listen.



# RESEARCHES OF THE POLYGLOT CLUB.

## NO. IV.

### MY LIFE IS LIKE THE SUMMER ROSE.

CUAL LA ROSA EN VERANO ES MI RIDA. MA VIE EST COMME LA ROSE DETE.

BY J. A. PIZARRO, DOCT. HISPAN. LING. SOC. POLYGLOSS COLL. BY F. LEHMANOWSKI, DOCT. GALL. LING. SOC. POLYGLOSS. COLL.

Cual la rosa en verano es mi vida,  
Desplegada al mostrarse la aurora,  
Y anublada a la tarde deplora,  
Que a la noche verase caída.  
Inclinada hacia el suelo fallece;  
Y sus hojas un lecho formando,  
El rocío suave regando,  
A sue muerte una lagrima ofrece,  
Mas la mía no habra quien lamente.

Cual la hoja en otono es mi vida,  
Temblando al rayo de Diana helado  
Su debil sosten—breve es su estado,  
E inquieta luego estara rendida.  
Mas antes de caer y se deshaga,  
Llora el tronco su sombra perdida,  
Lamenta el viento con nota aflijida  
Del arbol seco la suerte aciaga.  
Mas por mi ni un suspiro se exhala.

Cual la huella del pie es mi vida,  
En arena movible estampada,  
Por las olas rodantes borradas,  
En las playas del mar de Florida.  
Como así al destruir se lamenta,  
Todo vestigio de la raza humana,  
En la marjen desierta e inhumana,  
De aquel mar que su pena acrecienta.  
Mas no habra quien de mí se conduela.

Ma vie est comme la rose d'ete,  
Qui souv' au matin du bonheur.  
A peine que l'omb' du soir finirer,  
Repan die la partere, et meur:  
Malgre sur cette bas couch, a rose.  
La plus douce rosee, dnuir, effuse,  
Comme si elle pleure, voyant le d'gat,  
Mais qui versera, des larmes, pour moi.

Ma vie est comme le feuille d'automne,  
Qui tremble dans la lune pale fleau,  
Sa prise est fiele, bref sa station,  
Inquiet et passer d'vie bien toi,  
Avant le mou rant fenille a batte,  
Sa perte larbre parent lamente,  
Les feuille de l'arb, le vent gemir,  
Personne souffler, pour moi soupir,

Ma vie est comme, les marque des pieds?  
Quitter sur Tampa's bord, desert,  
Bientot, se leve, comme la marree,  
Le trace, va du sable, des cart,  
Si comme, effacer, le chagrin,  
Tous vestige de la race humain,  
Sur l'isole cote, mer rust, plaindrer,  
Personne, pour moi, lamente jamais.

MY LIFE IS LIKE THE SUMMER ROSE. MEIN LEBEN GLEICHT DER SOMMERROSE.

BY R. H. WILDE.

BY M. LUDOVICUS DOCT. GERM. LING. SOC. POLYGLOSS COLL.

My life is like the summer rose,  
That opens to the morning sky,  
But ere the shades of evening close,  
Is scattered on the ground to die:  
But on that rose's humble bed  
The sweetest dews of night are shed,  
As if she wept such waste to see—  
But none shall weep a tear for me.

My life is like the autumn leaf,  
That trembles in the moon's pale ray;  
Its hold is frail—its state is brief—  
Restless and soon to pass away:  
Yet ere that leaf shall fall and fade,  
The parent tree shall mourn its shade,  
The winds bewail the leafless tree—  
But none shall breathe a sigh for me.

My life is like the print of feet  
Left upon Tampa's desert strand;  
Soon as the rising tide shall beat,  
The tracks will vanish from the sand:  
Yet as if grieving to efface  
All vestige of the human race,  
On that lone shore loud moans the sea—  
But none shall e'er lament for me.

Mein leben gleicht der sommerrose,  
Die sich dem morgenthau erfreuet,  
Doch kaum im abend schatten schose  
Ist sterbend auf dem beet gestreuet.  
Doch auf der rose schmachtend wehen,  
Der thau erschoeft sein suezten labc,  
Als weinte er solch' schmach zu sehen;  
Doch keiner weint an meinem grabe.

Mein leben ist dem herbstblatt gleich,  
Das in dem mondenlichte zittert.  
Sein dasein truegrisch, sein' dauer kurz,  
Verwuestet ehe es kaum geglittert.  
Doch eh' das blatt faellt und bleicht,  
Der vaterbaum dem schatten gleich,  
Die winde seufzend dem stamme weicht,  
Doch keiner hat ein seusfz' fuer mich.

Mein leben einem fusztapf' gleicht,  
Auf Tampas oeden, verlassenen strand  
Den kaum die steigende fluth erreicht,  
Verschwunden die spuren auf dem sand.  
Doch gleichsam zaghaft zu vernichten,  
Jede zeugen der mensch heit sein,  
Des meeres klagen am user zichten;  
Doch keiner klagend gedenket mein.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

---

GERALDINE, ATHENIA OF DAMASCUS, AND OTHER POEMS, by Rufus Dawes, 1 vol. 12 mo. pp. 343. New York: Samuel Colman.

THIS is the first volume of a Library of American Poets, to appear without reference to their rank in popular estimation. The undertaking is laudable, and appeals at once to the pride and patriotism of the American people; and we doubt not that it will succeed in creating a taste for this lightly-esteemed branch of our native literature. The volume presents an elegant appearance, and is embellished with a portrait of the author, and a vignette title page on steel. Mr. Dawes is an easy and graceful writer, and has produced some poems of rare beauty. In view of a more extended notice, we present our readers with a gem from his literary casket:

Yes! still I love thee:—Time, who sets  
His signet on my brow,  
And dims my sunken eye, forgets  
The heart he could not bow;—  
Where love, that cannot perish, grows  
For one, alas! that little knows  
How love may sometimes last;  
Like sunshine wasting in the skies,  
When clouds are overcast.

The dew-drop hanging o'er the rose,  
Within its robe of light,  
Can never touch a leaf that blows,  
Though *seeming* to the sight;  
And yet it still will linger there,  
Like hopeless love without despair,—  
A snow-drop in the sun!  
A moment finely exquisite,  
Alas! but only one.

I would not have thy married heart  
Think momentarily of me,—  
Nor would I tear the cords apart,  
That bind me so to thee;  
No! while my thoughts seem pure and mild  
Like dew upon the roses wild,  
I would not have thee know,  
The stream that seems to thee so still,  
Has such a tide below!

Enough! that in delicious dreams,  
I see thee and forget—  
Enough, that when the morning beams,  
I feel my eye-lids wet!  
Yet, could I hope, when Time shall fall  
The darkness, for creation's pall,  
To meet thee,—and to love,—  
I would not shrink from aught below,  
Nor ask for more above.

**THE DENTAL ART; a Practical Treatise on Dental Surgery.** By Chapin A. Harris, M. D. Surgeon Dentist. 1 vol. 8 vo. pp. 384, Baltimore: Armstrong & Berry.

A sound condition of the teeth and the gums is important, whether we regard the beauty of their appearance, comfort, cleanliness, or distinct enunciation; and whatever tends to arrest their decay, remedy their imperfections, or supply their loss, conduces largely to our well-being and satisfaction.

Dr. Harris is acknowledged to be one of the most scientific and skilful practitioners of Dentistry. By unfolding the anatomy and physiology of the teeth, their general connection with the human system, and the diseases of the body—in fine, the dental art in all its complicated details,—he has dignified the profession as a science, and by rescuing it from the obloquy drawn upon it by empiricks, done much to guard the public against their impositions in future; while he has given to the practitioner, ample directions for the treatment of the teeth and gums in every variety of disease. His different modes of setting teeth, natural and artificial, with the plates which accompany the work, will be of incalculable advantage. In one species of setting—that by atmospheric pressure—we believe he was the first in the country to introduce the gold-plate. We make a few extracts, that may prove to be of practical benefit to the general reader. In remarking upon the use of mercury, the author says—

“The imprudent manner in which mercury is frequently and excessively administered, during infancy and childhood, while the permanent teeth are being formed, cannot be too strongly censured. A mercurial action in the system, at these early periods of life, exerts a most deleterious influence on the physical structure of these organs, whereby their future liability to decay is greatly increased.

“It does not, as many imagine, exert any direct action on the teeth; it is only by the effects that it sometimes produces in the gums and the secretions of the mouth, that they are injured by its use. When it is given in sufficient quantities, and long enough to produce pytalism, however slight, it becomes hurtful to the teeth, and just in proportion, as it affects the juices of the mouth, is the corrosive properties of these fluids increased. Hence, it can be considered only as an indirect cause in the production of caries.

“The relation which the teeth sustain to the maxillæ, however, is often very seriously affected, and sometimes entirely destroyed, by the exhibition of this medicine. Its introduction into the system is generally followed by an increased action of the absorbents, and in no part of the body is this more evident than in the gums and alveolar processes. It sometimes occasions a very rapid loss of substance in these parts, so that the teeth, by the absorption of their sockets, are loosened, and, in a few months, caused to drop out.

“The deposition of tartar upon the teeth, is much increased by the use of this medicine, especially when it affects the saliva. So much, in fact, is the tendency to a deposition of this substance, increased by its exhibition, that persons laboring for the first time, under a mercurial diathesis, frequently have the crowns of their teeth, opposite the mouths of the salivary ducts, completely coated with it in a few days.

“When given without proper care, and for any considerable length of time, it sometimes gives rise to sloughing and ulceration of the gums, and to necrosis and exfoliation of the alveolar processes, as also of portions of the jaw-bone. Cases of this sort are of frequent occurrence.”



Of the use of Tobacco, he observes—

"In the supposed protective virtues of tobacco to the teeth, many find a ready excuse for its use. But its preservative properties, if indeed it possesses any, have been greatly overrated. It is undoubtedly true, that being a stimulant and narcotic, it will sometimes obtund the pain of an aching tooth; but even the relief thus obtained is, at best, only temporary, and principally confined to those unaccustomed to its use; for those who are in the daily habit of chewing or smoking, are as much subject to tooth-ache, as those unaccustomed to the use of tobacco.

"As to the effects produced upon the teeth themselves, by the use of this article, I know not that it matters much in what manner it be used, whether by chewing or smoking. Directly, it may be said to affect these organs, neither beneficially nor prejudicially. The increased flow of saliva which it occasions, may, perhaps, by diluting such vitiated humors, as happen to be in any of the interstices, or indentations of the teeth, and thus lessening their corrosive and acrid properties, render them less hurtful; yet this benefit is probably more than counterbalanced by its pernicious effect upon the gums. The constant state of excitement in which they are kept by its use, is apt, unless the greatest attention is paid to the cleanliness of the teeth, to produce, especially in persons of a cachetic habit, a sort of chronic inflammation, and, in those of a strumous temperament, debility.

"A person of strong constitutional health, full habit, and of a sanguino-bilious temperament, may employ it moderately, without injury, and, in some cases, with advantage; but to one oppositely constituted, it is more or less productive of hurtful consequences. It is not, however, our design to treat of the constitutional action of this weed, but only to notice its operations on the teeth."

We commend most especially to the ladies, to whom the preservation of the teeth is peculiarly important, his views upon snuff as a dentifrice:

"**SNUFF.** Within the last few years, snuff has, in some parts of the country, become quite popular as a dentifrice, especially with females. The teeth suffer more from the use of tobacco in this form, than in any other. Being reduced to a powder, its fine particles find a more easy lodgment beneath the edges of the gums, around the necks of the teeth, in their interstices, and various indentations and fissures, than when taken into the mouth in any other manner. These particles not only thus serve as nuclei, around which the thickened and vitiated secretions of the mouth may gather, but also, from their stimulative properties, and their long retention beneath the edges of the gums, and in the crevices of the teeth, are productive of much irritation, both to the gums and the periosteums of the roots.

"I have observed, that the gums of persons, who have used snuff as a dentifrice, for any length of time, usually have a dark purple, and sometimes a yellowish appearance, are soft and spongy, more or less isolated from the teeth, and that the teeth themselves are not unfrequently very much loosened.

"Nor are its effects upon the general health less injurious. Persons who use snuff in this manner, are generally observed to have a pale, sallow countenance, especially if their constitutional habit be at all delicate."

In conclusion, we commend this able work most cordially to the patronage of the profession.

JACK ADAMS. By Captain Chamier, R. N. 2 vols. 12 mo. Carey & Hart: Philadelphia, 1839.

To those who can overlook the broad humor, vulgarity, and occasional impiety that too often form a feature in the character of the seaman, these volumes will not be void of interest. The incidents are not well conceived or appropriately grouped; and the whole execution of the work entitles it only to an humble place among nautic fictions. The following extracts will afford an idea of the author's manner, and powers of description:

"No sooner had they reached the beach than they all ran and seated themselves on the rocky points, watching the ruin they had occasioned. It was then too late to regret the hasty step of Quintal and M'Koy. It was quite in vain that each man gave vent to his sorrow, not only in words, but actually in tears. Then, too, it was that they earnestly regretted the cruelty they had practised towards Bligh, and condemned themselves in bitter terms. The night had set in—the flickering flame rose up, and cast a red light over the countenance of those who had destroyed her; each burst of fire, as the ship became more and more the victim of the flames, was followed by deep sighs. They were now imprisoned by their own hands; if destruction followed the loss of the ship, they alone had occasioned it. In vain one would now relate the anecdote which recurred to his memory, of times passed with friends at Portsmouth, or hurry over the last affectionate embrace of a sister or a wife. The flames increased; the bulwarks were on fire; and the guns which had not been removed on shore, and which were loaded, went off from the surrounding heat, and, with a sound which before had never disturbed the atmosphere of that island, confirmed the destruction of the ship. Still the flame, the devouring flame, appeared at intervals to revive; and as Christian looked around, by this light, on the faces of those near him, he saw that out of that crew, who had forfeited their lives by the mutiny they had committed, and who were ready to increase the catalogue of their misdeeds, there yet remained some of the finest of human feelings, which are best attested by the unchecked tear. He himself could not cry; his eyes burned, but no moisture came to cool them. He grasped Adams's hand, and in a hurried tone, like one awakened from a dream to a dreadful reality, he said, 'What have we done, Adams? What can we do now?'

"Adams held his hand with a tight pressure. At that moment the early days of happiness were before him; the last counsel of his friend was goading his conscience; he saw, as a vision, the triumph, when he saved a human being from destruction—all the kindness which had been showered upon him—the confirmation of the past, and the promises of the future—all came before him. He who could have commanded sufficient interest to have placed himself above want, and in his own dear native country, now looked around and saw the island—without house, without home—an alien, a felon, doomed to linger out his miserable days amongst men he either hated, feared, or despised. Christian felt the convulsive grasp, as the tears started again from the eyes of Adams, and with those eyes fixed upon Christian, he said, 'Our miseries are but begun; we have no secure shelter from the wind or the rain; we are houseless vagabonds and murderers. O that I could recall but one year of my life, and, Mr. Christian, I should not be in the miserable situation I have placed myself.'

"'What can we do, Adams?' asked Christian, with impetuosity.

"'Nothing,' was the answer; 'we must now begin, like our first father, after he had committed a sin, to dig the ground, to get bread by the sweat of our brow—to toil and to slave. With me that is no great hardship. I have lately thought much of my faults, and I have felt a calmness which contributes much to my ease. But I cannot look at that burning ship, the last monument of our sins, without feeling that the flame which is never quenched may yet destroy us. I cannot forget the scenes of my youth—the happy days when every thing smiled around me—and fix my eyes on that burning mass of wood which has carried us in safety over thousands of miles, and not feel the loneliness, the desolation which is around me. Who, Mr. Christian, is to straighten our limbs when we die? who is to close our eyes? to nurse us in sickness—to carry us to our graves in death? Strangers, savages—persons stolen from their homes, who must hate us living, and despise us dead. I see no consolation on earth; and I fear almost to seek it where it alone can be found.'

"'We've done it, M'Koy,' said Quintal. 'There she burns, and now here we may remain, and make toddy. But I'm blessed if I like it altogether; for if we were all of one mind to be off home again, we could only do it by swimming.'

"'Home!' said M'Koy, 'where is that?'

"'Here,' said Mills, as he cried aloud; 'here, and no where else; we have no home but this island. Our ship, our former home is destroyed.'

"'I'm sorry I did it,' said Quintal; 'for we have been too quick. Mr. Christian wanted to preserve her a little longer; and now I would give a guinea for every five minutes she would yet remain above water. you had a child, Mills, in England, and a wife; what will become of them now?'

"'I wanted but that expressed,' replied the rough fellow, 'to make me know myself the heartless vagabond I am. Ay, when we parted, and she told me of the long, long distance which would separate us—my poor little girl, only five years old, clung round my neck, and made me promise to return. Yes; well indeed can I see that little darling creature in her bed, her cheeks red with health—her little eyes closed—whilst a smile upon her lips showed how innocent, how pleasant, were her dreams! I see them now, as with my wife we stole on tiptoe and kissed her again and again; ay, and knelt down and prayed for her, before I tore myself away from both; and both I shall never see again.'

**LIBERTY; A POEM.** By C. C. Cox, M. D.—In this poem, delivered on the anniversary of one of the literary societies of our city, the author has succeeded in throwing considerable attraction around a trite and hacknied subject. It is a production altogether creditable to the author. It is certainly his happiest effort.

**THE REVIEWER OF MRS. WILLARD REVIEWED.**—This is a sharp and caustic reply to some strictures that lately appeared upon the writings of Mrs. Willard, and certain views entertained by her relative to education. The seasoning is rather high for our taste. We think the rejoinder in being acrimonious, will not be as serviceable to the vindicated as a more temperate reply.

**AN ESSAY ON GOD'S DETERMINATE COUNSEL AND FOREKNOWLEDGE.** By Rev. Thomas O. Summers.—The author, in this essay on a subject which has engaged the attention of the most learned divines, has displayed a comprehensiveness of view and strength of reasoning that would not be discreditable to older theologians.

B.



## OUR PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

**THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.** This valuable work which has been published for a quarter of a century, and been under the control of different gentlemen pre-eminent for scholarship and talents, still stands at the head of American periodicals. Its articles, paper and typography, all entitle it to this distinction. The April issue is one of peculiar interest. The articles on "Italian History," "Southey's Works," and "The Life and Times of Whitfield," are worthy of especial remark.

**NEW YORK REVIEW.** Ably edited by Drs. Henry and Cogswell, this quarterly Journal abounds in well-written papers, and is an ornament to our literature.

**SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.** More valuable papers are found in the Messenger than in any of our monthlies. Its editor is indefatigable in his exertions, and produces a work of which the South may justly be proud.

**THE KNICKERBOCKER.** In the mechanical execution of this work, we notice, lately, decided improvement; there are fewer articles from *mediocre* writers than were in the last volume. We would suggest, that a few names be stricken from their list of authors—those who have not contributed for years, and those who have been for some time dead.

**DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.** This monthly periodical is intended to advocate the leading principles of the Democratic party, and, besides papers on political subjects, contains tales, essays, poetry, and reviews. The Editors are gentlemen of taste and discrimination, and give a large amount of reading matter.

**REPUBLICAN REVIEW.** Devoted to the interests of the Whigs; this magazine also contains articles upon party, and general policy, relieved by miscellaneous reading of varied interest. Its editors hold a ready pen, and discharge their editorial duties in an able manner.

[We would recommend to both of these publications, more solidity of matter. Politicians should look to them for valuable information—for American and European statistics—for the internal and international policy of foreign countries—their peculiarities, power and resources—in fine, their past and present history—manners, customs, language and literature, so far as they illustrate, or can be advantageous to present times. The plates given do not come up to the proper standard of excellence. We would further suggest that, in their struggle for their country's weal, each according to his own views, a due observance be at all times maintained, of that moderation and urbanity which become them as journalists holding a high place in our literature.]



**HESPERIAN.** W. D. Gallagher is a pleasing writer, and fills the editorial chair of the *Hesperian* with great credit. It sustains handsomely the literary character of the 'Great West.'

**GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.** This is a popular miscellany, devoted to literature, pastimes, amusements, and reviews. The editor, W. E. Burton, is one of our most graphic writers.

**LADY'S BOOK.** Always popular with the ladies, this well-established and ably conducted magazine presents still stronger claims to patronage, in the additional plates of fashions, embroidery, curtains, &c., and in the excellency of its literary articles. Mrs. Hale and Mr. Godey deserve the lasting gratitude of the ladies, for the able manner in which they conduct their publication.

**LADIES' COMPANION.** Conducted with equal ability, and containing articles of unusual attractiveness, this work claims the patronage of the ladies also; and, we are glad to learn, receives it in a most flattering manner.

**THE MONUMENT.** This monthly, devoted to light literature, and conducted by gentlemen every way qualified for their duties, is well worthy of extensive patronage.

**THE SOUTHRON.** This is the title of a monthly that hails from the South. It has many creditable articles, but requires improvement in paper and mechanical execution.

B.

✎—We promise to examine, in our next number, our exchange list of literary weeklies, pointing out the aim and merits of each, and offering some candid remarks in relation to their general character. A cursory and generalizing survey of our **POLITICAL** and **RELIGIOUS** exchanges, will, likewise, claim attention in due time. We may say some things which will be deemed, we fear, more true than palatable, in relation to their treatment of *each other*. As to their treatment of us, we cannot complain—a few omissions to give us credit for articles, excepted—for they have criticised us candidly and honestly, as we profess to deal with those coming within our sphere. Just criticism is all we ask—severity we fear not when coupled with justice.

The astonishing number of Quarterlies and Monthlies, Weeklies and Daylies, which pour in upon our table, from every city and almost every village in the land, present the most certain evidences of the thirst for information, which characterises our people. Let them come. There is a wide intellectual field in which we may all find profitable employment. As the number of laborers is increasing, the field is becoming wider under the influences of emigration, whose progress almost baffles arithmetical calculation.

S.

**PORTRAIT OF JARED SPARKS.**—A fine steel engraving of this distinguished writer, who has done so much for his country, in rescuing from oblivion, American History, is in the hands of Mr. Parker, and will be speedily produced. Mr. Parker engraved the head of Washington Irving which appeared in the September number of the Museum.

## OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

### NOTICES OF THE AMERICAN MUSEUM.

#### NEW YORK MIRROR.

'The Baltimore Museum for March is rich in original articles of a high order of merit. The prize poem by N. C. Brooks, Esq., from the Southern Churchman, is an exquisite piece of versification. The "Researches of the Polyglot Club," are conducted with much spirit. In the present number there are versions in three different languages of Richard H. Wilde's celebrated poem, commencing, "My Life is like the Summer Rose." The Greek and Latin translations are by Mr. Brooks, and they are really capitally done, evincing the poet and scholar combined.'

#### UNITED STATES GAZETTE.

'This Baltimore periodical for January contains a great amount of good reading. We see among the contributors to the number before us, the names of N. C. Brooks, H. T. Tuckerman, author of the Italian Sketch Book; Chas. W. Thomson of this city, a chaste, moral poet; Miss H. F. Gould, the boast of Massachusetts; Professor Foreman, Thos. R. Hoffland, W. B. Tappan, a man who never rhymed without a thought of piety; P. Prospero, David Hoffman, Rev. Dr. Beasley, who, in the article before us, handles Bishop Warburton with a good deal of severity; Mrs. Sigourney, W. G. Simms, Rev. J. H. Clinch, Mrs. Embury, E. A. Poe, &c.—an array of talents and names of extensive fame, that ought to secure patronage.'

#### PHILADELPHIA WEEKLY MESSENGER.

'Though yet young, it gives evidence of a healthy and flourishing existence. During the brief career it has run, it has won favorable opinions from all classes of readers, by the excellence, variety, and spirit of its contents. Its original papers bear the stamp of practised and able writers—men who think profoundly and speak clearly; and its reviews are gentlemanly, discriminating, and generally just. Mr. Brooks, the senior editor, is a poet of fine talents—a scholar of rare accomplishments, and a terse and elegant prose writer.'

#### NEW ORLEANS BEE.

'There are several articles of interest in this number of the magazine, such as the continuation of those choice and discriminating disquisitions on literary characters, termed the "Atlantis;" a legend of the Ottoman empire; one or two excellent critical reviews, and a very able defence of classical learning. The periodical is new—having only reached its third number, but it improves decidedly with age.'

#### BALTIMORE TRANSCRIPT.

'The American Museum, in each successive number that appears, puts forth new evidences of the energy of its conductors and new claims upon public patronage. The number for March, now before us, is one of the best we have read, and excepting one or two poetical articles of rather questionable claims, presents a rare combination of original and excellent papers. We are glad to see that the Polyglot Club continue their contributions. We wish all our readers, who are able, would patronise the Museum.'

#### PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY COURIER.

'The January number is far the best ever issued. The articles are short and various, good and spicy, and from many of the best writers of the country. It is embellished with a likeness of James Fenimore Cooper, with a sketch of his life. We shall give some of its gems in future, and probably a more extended review.'

#### NATCHEZ COURIER.

'The Museum is winning for itself much and deserved celebrity. It is conducted with great editorial ability, and the typographical execution is beautiful.'

#### ANNAPOLIS REPUBLICAN.

'The March number of this Maryland monthly magazine, is rich with original contributions from distinguished writers.'

#### PHILADELPHIA COURIER.

'This number contains a variety of interesting papers. The poetic article by Dr. Snodgrass is one of rare merit.'

## METHODIST PROTESTANT.

'We have frequently spoken of this magazine in terms of the highest praise. The present number presents a promising appearance. Among the contributors, we notice the names of Jared Sparks, Prof. Smith, Prof. Barber, David Hoffman, L. A. Wilmer, Dr. Beasley, and others of well known talents.'

## WINCHESTER VIRGINIAN.

'We have received the January number of the American Museum of Literature and the Arts, published by Messrs. Brooks and Snodgrass, Baltimore. This number contains a fine portrait of Cooper, the novelist, and contributions which will rank it among the first of American periodicals.'

## HILLSBOROUGH (N. C.) RECORDER.

'It is a very neatly printed monthly magazine, published in Baltimore by Messrs. Brooks and Snodgrass, and contains many interesting articles. The January number commenced a new volume, and is embellished with a neatly engraved likeness of James Fenimore Cooper, a distinguished American novelist.'

## THE COLLEGIAN, (CHARLOTTESVILLE.)

'The American Museum is before us, and full of good matter, as usual. The papers under the title of Atlantis, have once before received a notice in our pages. There is nothing in the periodical literature of the day which, in our opinion, can compare with them. They abound with liberal criticisms on a variety of topics in literature and morals, and for freshness of illustration, purity of style and classic wit, deserve a place in the pages of the Spectator. Any of our enterprising booksellers would confer a benefit upon the cause of sound learning, by collecting these essays in a separate volume, as they are infinitely superior to the tales and poetry of James, Hood, Ritchie, &c., which serve as the materials for so many impositions upon the public. We give the table of contents of the last number. We have been repeatedly asked by our friends, "Which is the best of our monthly journals?" We would commend the Museum to their better acquaintance.'

## MADISONIAN.

'The American Museum of Literature and the Arts, gains upon the public favor. Many of its articles are inferior to those of no magazine in the country—yet some of them, like some of other journals, are of an indifferent character. The number for March contains a good article on History, by Jared Sparks—a learned essay on the "early literature of the Germans"—"The Student's Diary," by Dr. Beasley—"Reminiscences of Switzerland," by R. M. Walsh, and many other pieces of prose and poetry of various interest and merit. We should not omit to mention a prize poem, written for the Southern Churchman, by N. C. Brooks, one of the editors of this magazine, called the "South Sea Islander," and partly copied into this number. The piece does great credit to the poetical genius of the author.'

## LOUISVILLE PUBLIC ADVERTISER.

'This is a monthly magazine of sterling merit, edited and published by N. C. Brooks and J. E. Snodgrass, in the city of Baltimore. It combines the solidity of a review with the lighter miscellany of a magazine, and is conducted with much taste, spirit, and vigor. The list of its contributors embraces the names of many of our most gifted American writers. The January number contains an excellent steel engraving of J. Fenimore Cooper, accompanied by a remarkably correct and impartial sketch of the life and writings of the American Novelist. This article deals out to Mr. Cooper, both praise and censure, with much justice, candor, and discrimination.'

## WESTERN EMPORIUM, (ALLEGHANY, PA.)

'The review of Mr. Cooper's writings is executed with great ability and truth; and we trust that Mr. Cooper himself will derive from it no little benefit. In the Student's Diary we recognize the polished and powerful pen of Dr. Beasley. The contributions of this gentleman alone would make any paper interesting. The reviews are all good, and the lighter articles are racy, pure, and beautifully written. After we shall have had a longer acquaintance with this work, we will give a more extended description of its character. At present, we think it a highly useful and meritorious periodical.'

## HILLSBOROUGH (N. C.) RECORDER.

'The March number of this work has just been received. We have before expressed a favorable opinion of this work, and can now say that its worth seems to increase with its age.'

## LANCASTER (PA.) JOURNAL.

'The February number contains a variety of well-written articles, among which the "Cave of Chrystals," continued from former numbers, and "Mutual Sympathy," a tale by Dr. Snodgrass, one of the editors, are excellent.'



## GREEN MOUNTAIN (VT.) ARGUS.

'The March number is superior to the others. It is filled with solid and substantial matter—indeed, this is a leading feature of the work, preferring sound and meritorious articles to those of a light and superficial character.'

## GERMANTOWN TELEGRAPH.

'The contents of the American Museum for the present month, are unusually rich and diversified. We think it decidedly the best number yet issued, and is a fair specimen of what an American magazine ought to be.'

## BEDFORD (PA.) AREUS.

'The March number of this excellent work has been received. There are several articles in this number of peculiar merit and interest. We commend it to our friends as a valuable publication.'

## CINCINNATI WHIG.

'The American Museum of Literature and the Arts is a most able and interesting monthly periodical. Many of the best and most distinguished writers of the country are contributors to its pages.'

## GENOA (N. Y.) SPY.

'We have received the January number of this truly valuable periodical, and find its contents of a rich and varied character.'

## GERMANTOWN TELEGRAPH.

'The March number of the American Museum, which we neglected to notice in our last, is, to our view, one of the very best numbers yet issued of this popular magazine. The principal contributors are Jared Sparks, J. E. Snodgrass, Prof. Smith, Prof. Barber, David Hoffman, L. A. Wilmer, Dr. Beasley, Mrs. Ellet, R. M. Walsh, N. C. Brooks, Edward Quillinan, (Eng.) &c.'

## WINCHESTER VIRGINIAN.

'The November and 3d number of the American Museum has come to hand, and a rich and interesting one it is. Its pages are adorned by contributions from many well known writers.'

## MILLERSBURGH (OHIO) JOURNAL.

'This new monthly magazine hails from Baltimore. It is handsomely printed, and displays an array of talent not inferior to any of the monthlies now extant.'

## HUNTSVILLE (ALA.) ADVOCATE.

'The March number of this valuable Baltimore monthly magazine has been upon our table for a week. We are much pleased with its contents, some of which are very good.'

## MARTINSBURG (VA.) GAZETTE.

'The articles in the April number of the Museum are well written and interesting, and are, most of them, from pens well known to the literary circles of this country and England. The industry and enterprise of the publishers deserve a liberal patronage.'

## EXCHANGE, (SARATOGA, N. Y.)

'The number before us is replete with beautiful articles, calculated to amuse, instruct, and please the taste, whim and fancy of every reader. The contributors to the Museum are the most talented writers in this country and in Europe.'

## MOUNT VERNON (OHIO) BANNER.

'It is neat in its mechanical execution, and appears from the present number to be supported by a list of contributors of capacity and reputation amply sufficient to ensure any work success and character.'

## MARLBORO (MD.) GAZETTE.

'The work improves with every issue, and will rank with the first magazines of the country.'

## CUMBERLAND ALLEGHNAIAN.

'The March number of this monthly magazine has been received at this office. Its pages are replete with original contributions of the highest character, and from the most distinguished writers.'